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## WOMAN AND HOME.

Brevities for Housewives, Fair Maidens and Sober Matrons.

**Spirit Health—Bismarck's Wife—On the Veranda—Clara Belle's Letter—The Boston Cooking School.**

[Boston Courier.]

Mrs. Lincoln, of the Boston cooking school, has just issued a volume of her recipes, in the preface to which she remarks that the reader may consider her unnecessarily minute in her directions, but that her experience has taught her that no detail is small enough to be left unmentioned, and, we might well add, that it is not safe to take even the possession of common sense for granted. This may sound a trifle severe, yet it would probably be agreed to by anybody who should take the trouble to visit the cooking school and sit for an hour listening to Mrs. Lincoln lecture and the stupid and insane questions asked by well-dressed and apparently intelligent women.

It chanced that one afternoon some wooden spoons, such as Mrs. Lincoln uses, had been ordered by her for various ladies who had wished to buy them. The spoons were distributed to their various purchasers, and a moment of silent examination followed. Then a lady inquired in a distrustful and pleading voice:

"Mrs. Lincoln, could I use my spoon to stir frosting?"

Mrs. Lincoln kindly gave her the required permission, and she relapsed into contented silence.

Another pupil was much excited by the fact that when it was desirable to increase the heat in the gas range the jets in the chandelier were lowered.

"Why," demanded the bewildered female in an awestruck tone, "why does she have to try her croquet in the dark?"

She evidently thought the frying of coquettes to be a religious rite which demanded a dim and mystic light for its proper pursuance.

Yet another intelligent questioner—but this was in the old days of Miss Parlow—proposed this conundrum with all the gravity which befitted its weight.

"Miss Parlow, my family is so large that one loaf of angel cake is not enough; now, if I want to make two loaves, must I double the quantity of materials?"

These examples are not given as examples of ignorance of cookery, because that, of course, is entirely excusable in anybody who is not obliged to cook, but it is the lack of simple common sense which is so remarkable in women of at least ordinary intelligence and good education.

**Bismarck's Wife.**

[Berlin Cor. London News.]

It is a pleasant change to turn from the turbulent public life of the chancellor and see him in his own home, surrounded by friends to whom he is united by ties of sympathy and love. There, before all, is the companion of his life—the woman who has stood by his side for more than thirty years, and who has ever proved a loving wife. The princess has been brought up religiously, but hers is a bright, lively nature, gifted with a goodly portion of natural wit, with fine taste and feelings. Very musical and a splendid player of the piano, she is at the same time a careful, sensible housewife, and after the manner of noble ladies of former days, she is said to have some knowledge of medicine.

With genuine womanliness she created for her husband a home full of comfort and genial warmth, and intelligently shared for years his griefs and hopes, sometimes, even, as is evident from some passages in Bismarck's letters to her (reprinted by Hesketh), to a certain measure in political questions, although, as a rule, she does not belong to the class of women who take part in politics. Her correspondence with him, when official duties or pleasure trips separated them geographically, was very lively and affectionate. He calls her "My heart," "My dearest heart," in his letters. He sends her jasmine from Feterhof, blooming-leather from Bordeaux and promises to send her Edelweiss from Gastein, where, on the sixteenth anniversary of their wedding-day, he remembers that this day "had brought sunshine into his bachelor life." On a political mission, he writes to her from Offenbach castle: "Good night from the far distance."

**Spirit Health.**

[Mrs. M. F. Butts in Phenological Journal.] "The expansion of the heart by loving is the health of the spiritual nature." Mrs. Walsh read the sentence again. "I know that is true," she said, "though I never said it put in just that way."

"That is just what I meant when I said I could not afford to be 'cross.' It makes me sick," said Mrs. Gresham.

"Well, that is going a little too far," said Mrs. Walsh. "I can not say that it makes me sick to lose my temper."

"Ultimately it makes us all sick who stand in the center of a network of delicate relations. For instance, I am vexed beyond endurance at a servant's carelessness. I speak to her harshly. She retaliates in spirit if not in word. An antagonism is created which isolates us each from the other. The currents of kindness are forced back, as far as we two are concerned. Under the unnatural pressure I am hard and cold to a degree. The children meet my look and shrink from it. I have no sweet word for baby, who comes to me, all laughing and rosy from her play, for a moment's sympathy, a gay word and a kiss. In such an atmosphere the children begin to quarrel with each other. There are reprimands, and perhaps a shake of some child's naughty shoulders or a light slap on a little cheek. Work suddenly becomes difficult. The very garment I am making or mending seems to get unruly. Life is hard and all at once! I go on getting more and more tired, and by night I am sick, and my husband comes home to a disorganized household."

**On the Veranda.**

[N. Y. Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.] "She was gaily as to gown, picturesque as to pose and probably fair as to face. I do not commit myself fully on the latter point, for the reason that I possess the average man's dislike of being fooled by touter sex. The couch on which this girl lay was swinging between two posts of a veranda, and distant from the passing observer only across a narrow lawn. Mosquitoes are abundant in that part of the world, and are of the famous Jersey breed, from across the Hudson. Windows and doors are ordinarily netted against these insects. But this veranda was the first one that I had seen inclosed on its three exposed sides with fine gauze.

You may have noticed that on the theatrical stage, when the manager desires to make a tableau of women spiritual, angelic, superhuman in loveliness—especially when the material with which he has to deal is of the earthly, drossy, \$6-a-week-and-find-her-own-ways quality—he hangs a sieve between them and them, so that they may be sifted, so to express it, before they get to your eyes. Now this belle of the veranda, refined by the same process of filtration, became a highly be-

autiful product. Moreover, it was twilight by this time, and the rays from a red-shaded gas-jet shone from a window right on her face. All that may have been unstudied and by chance, but we live in an age of skepticism, and I expect to see a great deal of such happy environments for the fashionable summer girls, now that it has come into vogue.

**How Girls May Please.**

[Philadelphia Call.]

How can the plain be charming? Well, true self-forgetfulness and kind thoughtfulness for the happiness of others is always winning. The vain, selfish beauty can not compete with the homely maiden who is popular because she is so very lovable. Her father confides in her. Her mother leans on her. Her friends go to her for help and advice. The little girls bring her their broken toys and the boys come for aid when the lessons are hard. By and by a marvelous thing happens. She is spoken of everywhere as "the interesting Miss Parker," or "the agreeable Miss Donnell," or "the captivating Miss Mark." She has grown interesting, agreeable, and captivating, and each quality is far more valuable to a woman than the possession of mere beauty without other winning personal characteristics.

The power to converse well is a very great charm. You think anybody can talk? How mistaken you are! Anybody can chatter. Anybody can exchange idle gossip. Anybody can recapitulate the troubles of the kitchen, the cost of the last new dress, and the probable doings of the neighbors. But to talk wisely, witfully, instructively, freshly, is an immense accomplishment. It implies experience, observation, study of books and of people, and receptivity of impressions. No young girl can hope to shine in conversation as her mother does, but every girl can begin to acquire that graceful art which will draw intelligent men and women to her side and enable her to retain them, because they are pleasantly entertained.

**At Our Honest Best.**

[Clara Belle's Letter.]

Take my expert or conscientious word for it, you man or two who have unwarrantably slipped in among the women, for whom these fashion letters are exclusively written; believe me, I repeat, that you are just now getting the fashionable girl in as nearly a normal aspect as she is ever likely to show herself in. What I mean to say is that she is less distorted and falsified than at any time within my memory, and there's no good reason to presume that she is permanently reformed. Scan her from head to foot. Don't you see that, unless nearly bald, there is no other hair than her own on her head? Don't you see that her chest has lines which do not greatly tax your credulity, for there are no palpable evidences of squeeze or bulge? Don't you appreciate the skirts that neither hide her possession of limbs entirely nor obtrude them immodestly upon your vision? Don't you note on her hands, which are gloved so easily that they can clasp your own with as envious, sympathetic grip; and her feet, which are not much bigger than her shoes, and, therefore, do not excite your pity? Oh, you are getting us at our honest best this season. Those girls who are anywhere near to the medium standard in build are not at this time doing much to themselves in the way of deceptive appliances, and it happens that the fashions are reasonable and simple, so far as shapes are concerned. Midsummer madness may lead us into absurdities, but we start out for the resorts in a condition of admirable sanity.

**Worldly Wisdom.**

[New York Cor. Inter Ocean.]

A worldly wise matron, whose name is known in the cause of woman suffrage, said to me on this phase of the servant girl question: "You asked me why I discharged my chambermaid the other day after I had told you how far above her work she was in intelligence. She was precisely what I wanted, with one vital exception. She was pretty. You must have noticed that. I am sure my son did. I would gladly have kept her as a servant, but I didn't want her for a daughter-in-law. See the trouble made by that kind of thing in the Rhineland family. They thought their waitress was a jewel. So did the son. Caste is very, very American, but it isn't without its valuable domestic uses. The fact is, that waitresses and maids are thrown so constantly into close relationship with their employers, that if apt at acquiring politeness, they are able to turn into ladies when occasion offers. I don't see how this difficulty is going to be obviated."

**Rustic Ornament.**

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Go into the woods and cut three straight branches exactly the same length, about three feet and a half long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Cut off the branches to within an inch of the body of each. Let them get perfectly dry, and then if the bark is not smooth, scrape it off. Fasten them together about a foot from the top. Then gild them all over, or if you prefer it, paint them green or mahogany color. In the crotch set a pretty basket, and inside that a bowl that will just fit it. This may be kept full of cut flowers and vines, or instead of the bowl, a saucer and pot of growing ferns and vines may be put into the basket. If necessary, the basket may be steadied by passing bright ribbons through and tying them to the three standards. A gilt chain may be wound around where these are fastened together. The result is a pretty ornament with but little expense.

**An English Girl's Ambition.**

[London Letter.]

But there is one thing which the English girl keeps incessantly in view—a good marriage. To reach it she changes her venue with unscrupulous apostasy, and she hunts down her quarry with relentless persistence. To propitiate the owner of a coronet or millions, she abjures what she has affirmed, condemns herself to pursuits she abhors, changes her political opinions, if she had any, or adopts fresh convictions with charming spontaneity; wears nothing but primitive roses or scoffs at them, adores the country or worships the town, extols the army or exalts the law, dotes on beardless boys or tolerates none but middle-aged men. Disappointments do not rebuke her; failures spur her on to fresh efforts, and when at last the goal is reached she instantaneously degenerates into the British matron.

**For Young Working Women.**

[Inter Ocean.]

A "Girls' Union" has been organized in San Francisco for the benefit of young working women away from their families, and for those who, through sickness or enforced idleness, may need some timely assistance. A building is soon to be secured in which rooms will be sub-let to homeless girls, and the dining-room and parlor opened to members who wish to obtain meals at a moderate cost or spend their evenings in reading or music.

**Ruskin Was Mistaken.**

"For more than twenty-five years of my life," said John Ruskin, "I would not believe that women could paint pictures. But I was wrong in that established conviction. Women can paint. I am quite subjugated, converted, my ideas entirely overthrown by Mrs. Butler's 'Waterloo.' I have found her to be a great artist and have the profoundest ad-

mirations for her. Since she made a name we have had several women artists, all distinguished in their different ways—Mrs. Alvingham, Miss Greenwood, Miss Alexander, and Miss Trotter."

**A Young Chicken Out of an Old One.**

[Exchange.]

Parboil the chicken, and when the wing—the toughest part of any fowl—can be pierced with a broom-splint without effort; take it out of the kettle, drain it well and cut in pieces as for a fricassee. Put one pint of cream into a large frying-pan; let it become heated, then lay the chicken into the pan. Let it cook in the cream until it is all of a rich brown; then pour the cream out into a small sauce-pan, put a lump of butter in with the chicken; after it melts, turn the chicken over, so that it will be browned alike on both sides. Thicken the cream with a little flour, and serve as gravy in a boat; or, after putting the chicken on a platter, pour the cream over it.

**Grind Your Own Pepper.**

[Times's Magazine.]

Use the cheap Swiss or French table-mills for grinding pepper as you require it, and so get it fresh. I have used nothing else at home for a quarter of a century, all pepper-casters in my house being shelved. But then, indeed, we consume but little pepper, employing it chiefly as a zest for melons, strawberries, and other fruit. Freshly ground, on a loose screw, to make the grains large and coarse, in pepper is an aromatic spice, suitable, as in Arabia, to cream tarts. The high-dried abomination of the consistency of Welsh snuff, which the bold Briton shakes copiously into his soup—thinking, but not being by any means sure, that he likes it—should be discontinued.

**To Make Tea.**

[Dr. J. B. Rich.]

Nothing is more abused in this world than Heaven's gift of tea. To make tea, you need two tea-pots. Fill one with boiling water; place the proper quantity of tea in the empty pot, pour boiling water into it; let it stand three, four or five minutes, till the palatable elements of the tea leaves are extracted, and not long enough to absorb the tannin and offensive oils; then empty the first tea-pot and pour the tea from the second pot into the first. Never let the tea, after it is made, remain on the leaves.

**At the Dinner-Table.**

The attempts to introduce too much color in dinner-table decorations are declining. The finest white damask still holds the preference, and the center piece of plush or velvet under lace is little used now. Fewer flowers, too, are seen, and those in low forms. The latest fashion in ice cream plates is the Bohemian glass, in oval form, with small handles. Menu cards, hand painted, hold the preference, but many are seen on tinted cardboard, with engraved vignette in one corner and the date in the other.

**A Puzzle to Artists.**

[Boston Advertiser.]

Artists are this summer puzzling over the reasons for the introduction of the fashionable shade of red known as coquelicot, or poppy color. It is becoming to no human complexion, harmonizes with nothing, "screams" in every combination into which fashion has introduced it, and sets every canon of taste at defiance. Still it is the fashionable favorite, and everybody wears it, from the darkest brunette to the most golden of blondes.

**Making a Convert.**

[Rev. Myron W. Reed.]

When reasons of hygiene do not absolutely forbid, I like to see the man next the door, coming home from a day's work, rise promptly and sweetly, and give his seat to a lady, and then I like to see her as promptly and sweetly refuse to take it. She who does this has covered a multitude of sins, and made a convert to the doctrine of woman suffrage.

**Lacking Development.**

[Ida Harper in Terre Haute Mail.]

The woman who has always been carefully protected, whose life has always been bright and free from care, may be very sweet and lovable, but she lacks character. Gold in its primitive state may be pure and precious, but its real value and beauty are developed by the crucible, the hammer, and the sharpness of the graver's tools.

**A House of Refuge.**

[Chicago Journal.]

When a Mormon wife renounces the authority of her husband, she is at once deprived of all means of earning a livelihood. To counteract the effect of such a ruling it is now seriously proposed to establish at Salt Lake City a house of refuge for all the women who may be brave enough to defy polygamic doctrines.

**The Terrible Strain.**

[Exchange.]

Closeness and continuity of intercourse is so severe a test that complete sympathy is a white blackbird. This it is which renders marriage such a strain. A couple who might love passionately for six months would hate one another at the end of six years.

**Novel Flower Baskets.**

Pretty little baskets for sending flowers by post are the latest novelty in English fashionable circles. They fasten with a padlock, and the sender and receiver can keep a key.

**Dinner Decorations.**

Dinner dishes decorated with verses of poetry, maxims, conundrums, etc., are very interesting, and furnish the guests something to talk about.

**Christian Union:** Women love to transfigure themselves with millinery, and men love to have them do so. It is the attempt on man's part to convert women to aesthetic uses.

**Philadelphia Ledger:** In the domain of affection, if nowhere else, there must be absolute liberty. The slightest tyranny even that of expectation, is fatal to the life of love.

Coffee-cups become smaller and smaller for "after-dinner service." The newest size is a trifle larger than the fat woman's thimble.

Plush lamp-mats with brass corners are among the novelties of the season. They are especially pretty for brass lamps.

Stemless pansies strewn regularly over the cloth at the dinner table are attractive and look pretty.

Everybody who is anybody uses but the plainest note paper and envelopes now.

Matting makes a handsome dado for a dining or sitting room.

Pale blue is a pleasing color for bed-rooms.

**One of the Very "Near" Men.**

[Merchant Traveler.]

"The nearest man I have seen in all my practice," said a doctor, "is a patient of mine in the west end. I waited on him for ten years, furnishing medicine and everything, and never could collect a cent, and the other day he sent a great big basketful of bottles to my office and wanted me to buy them."

"Well, what harm was there in that?" asked his companion.

"Oh, none to speak of; only the bottles were the same ones I had been furnishing him with for the ten years I attended him."

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What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep; What cures their colic, kills their worms, Castoria.

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First Publication August 22, 1884.

**PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.**

**TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, COUNTY OF**

Morton, s. v., in the Sixth judicial district court for said county.

Matilda Otto, plaintiff, vs. Charles Otto, defendant.

The territory of Dakota to the above named defendant.

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is filed in the office of the clerk of the district court of Morton county aforesaid, and to serve a copy of your answer upon plaintiff's attorney at his office in the city of Bismarck, in Burleigh county, D. T., within thirty days after the service of this summons upon you.

If you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

T. H. COLEMAN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Mandan, D. T., August 15, 1884.

Said complaint was filed this 16th day of August, 1884.

JOHN A. REA, Register.

15-18

First Publication July 4, 1884.

**NOTICE OF CONTEST.**

**U. S. LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T.**

July 2, 1884.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned owners and proprietors of Hunt & Harris addition to the city of Bismarck, D. T., have filed for record their protest against the entry No. 2067, dated June 6th, 1884, upon the east half of the southwest quarter and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 34, township 14 n., range 77 w., in Burleigh county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 26th day of August, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

JOHN A. REA, Register.

15-18

**NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VACATION**

of what is known as Hunt & Harris' addition to the city of Bismarck, D. T.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned owners and proprietors of Hunt & Harris addition to the city of Bismarck, Burleigh county, Dakota Territory, will on the first day of the next term of the district court for the said judicial district, in said territory, to be begun and held at Bismarck in said county and territory, after as the matter can be heard, file an application to said court for the vacation of the plat of said Hunt & Harris' addition above described, as provided by Chapter 26 of the political code of the Territory of Dakota.

JOS. W. REYNOLDS, Major part owners and pro-

NELSON FARRELL, owners and pro-

D. F. BARRY, atty for applicants.

Dated at Bismarck, D. T., this 5th day of April, A. D. 1884.

3-11

First publication August 23, 1884.

**NOTICE OF CONTEST.**

**UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, BIS-**

marck, D. T., August 22, 1884.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Andrew J. Seymour against Charles G. Finney for abandoning his homestead entry No. 2067, dated July 2, 1883, upon the northeast 1/4 of section 34, township 14 n., range 77 w., in Burleigh county, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office in Steele, D. T., on the 1st day of October, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment. The testimony so taken to be considered at a hearing before the register and receiver on the 10th day of October, 1884, at 11 o'clock a. m.

OLIVER P. CONGER, Register.

EMMETT N. PARKER, atty for contestant.

15-17

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sale prices direct to consumers on all goods

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**BOOMING DAKOTA TOWNS** are among the Stations best reached by this route.

Abbeville,	Grandon,	Miller,
Aberdeen,	De Smet,	Norbert,
Albion,	Doland,	Nordland,
Albion,	Elkton,	Northville,
Amelia,	Emery,	Parker,
Artesian,	Estaline,	Pierre,
Blunt,	Fairbanks,	Preston,
Broadland,	Gary,	



## THE VANDERSTEENS' CAMPAIGN.

[G. G. Furley.]

The Misses Vandersteen were going to Europe, not in a vain spirit of sightseeing, such as might befit any commonplace American whose finances permitted him to visit the Old World, but with a distinct intention of invading and conquering English society, possibly of settling on English soil, but this formed no essential part of their plans.

"I don't know that it's worth while actually to marry any of them," said Mrs. Oppenheim. Mrs. Oppenheim was the guide, philosopher and friend of the young ladies, having herself passed two most successful seasons in London, and she declared, having avowed hopeless love in the breasts of innumerable Englishmen and intense jealousy in those of English ladies. "Englishmen don't make such kind, obedient husbands as Americans," said this experienced lady; "they are tyrannical and dreadfully stupid; but it always ends a girl's value with men on this side to have it known that she has refused a few Englishmen. At least I should not advise you to accept anything less than the her to an earldom, and then only if it is young and handsome. But the great point is that you'll be presented at court, which at once gives you a right to the best society here—it's a sort of certificate of merit; and Lady Barbara knows her work, and won't take you to any but the best houses, so I am sure you will have a lovely time. Oh, one last caution! don't get too intimate with any of the people on board ship, unless you are quite sure that they are the sort you will want to keep up with afterward. I was terribly plagued by a woman who went over with me. I had been civil to her when we were crossing, and the result was that in London she was always bothering me. After she read in the newspapers that I had been at the drawing-room, she persecuted me to present her, till I was forced to insult her in self-defense."

Many more advice and warnings did Mrs. Oppenheim give her young friends, till both Valeria and Emryntrude felt that it their career in England was not successful the failure would be due to their own blundering, and who was less likely to blunder than these stately and self-possessed damsels? Very high of heart were they when they stepped on board the Camander, and when they sat down to partake of their first meal with their fellow passengers, very careful were they not to risk a too intimate acquaintance with any of them. There was only one, they decided, after privately discussing their companions, that looked at all worth cultivating—a fair-haired, handsome young Englishman—but he had been conversing with the people near him with so much animation that they felt sure he could not be any one of importance.

"I shouldn't think he was anybody," said Valeria reflectively, "though he does look so aristocratic, but then you can never guess at an Englishman's position by his being civil all round. They never seem to think it necessary, even the highest of them, to keep their inferiors at a distance."

"That's because they are sure that the distance is so immeasurable that no one will attempt to traverse it," returned Emryntrude, a little bitterly, remembering one or two occasions when her social inferiors had not seemed so conscious that she stood far above them as might be desired. "I wonder what his name is?" she added.

"I heard some one call him Mr. Ellis," said Valeria. "You can't learn much from that. I like a name like Cholmondeley or Grosvenor, that you don't often find outside the 'Peerage'; then you know where you are, but Ellis might belong to any one."

"Let us look up the 'Peerage,'" suggested the younger sister.

They searched that interesting manual, without which no American woman's library is complete, and found that Ellis was the family name of the earl of Sussex.

"What does it say about him?"

"He is an old man himself, born 1802. His eldest son, Lord Eastbourne, born 1823, married, 1853, Lady Louisa Frederica de Marchmont, only daughter of the marquis of Foxford, and has three sons, Hugh Roderick Herbert, Lord Marchmont, born 1853."

With one accord the sisters ceased reading and exclaimed: "Can it be he?"

They made an effort to discover if their fellow-passenger was indeed that son of the noble house of Sussex. Leaving their state-room, where the absorbing study of the "Peerage" had been carried on, they went on deck, where they found Mr. Ellis discussing Christian names with some other gentlemen.

"One's godfathers and godmothers occasionally make blunders in the names they give one, but society always sets the matter right," he was saying. "I know a man who was christened Laurence, but whom everybody calls Dolly, for no other reason than that it seems to suit him better. I myself am afflicted with a string of names long enough to serve a whole family if economically used, but they are all contracted into Dick."

The Misses Vandersteen heard only the latter part of this speech, and a ray of disappointment shot from the eyes of each. This was not the Hon. Hugh Roderick Herbert de Marchmont, but some commonplace, uninteresting individual, like Dick. They walked round the deck, and as they again passed the gentlemen they heard the observations, because glibly, Ellis said, in answer to some question, "No, I did not spend much time in the cities. I wanted to make some sketches, and with the exception of some of the older parts of New York, I found nothing of interest in the northern towns. I spent most of my time on the Hudson till winter came on, and then I went south. Now, New Orleans is a place."

The Misses Vandersteen listened to no more, but crept away to their cabin to hide their disappointment.

"To think of his being only an artist!" sighed Valeria.

"But some artists are in society," sighed Emryntrude, who had been more deeply struck by the stranger's good looks than her sister.

"Not while they are so young as he is," replied Miss Vandersteen sententiously.

Next day was rather stormy, and many ladies were sick among them the Misses Vandersteen. Their maid also fell ill, and unable to attend to them, and the stewardess had to invade goods to look after to give as much attention to the Misses Vandersteen as these young ladies required. Indeed, they would have fared badly, but for the kindness of a young girl named Alice Barclay who was going to Europe for the first time with her parents.

When they were able only to lie on a sofa in the ladies' cabin, she was ready to fan them, read to them, get them champagne or iced water, as their capricious fancy dictated; in short, to make herself essential to their comfort. While they were ill and weak they accepted her attention gratefully, though with a sense of the injustice of a fate which ordained that an Alice Barclay, a little brown-haired girl of no particular consequence, should be well and enjoying the voyage, should be the majestic Valeria and the sinuous, elegant Emryntrude Vandersteen lay prone and helpless. As, however, the sisters began to recover, Mrs. Oppenheim's warning recurred to their minds. What if Miss Bar-

clay's kindness were only a trick whereby, like the old man of the sea, she might climb upon their shoulders and thus gain admission to the sacredly select social circles wherein they meant to shine. "One can't be too careful," said the sisters Vandersteen, and they anxiously resolved to snub Miss Barclay as soon as they were well enough to dispense with her services.

At last Emryntrude was able to crawl on deck. Alice Barclay, who was sitting in a deck-chair listening with deep interest to a lively description of a day's hunt from Dick Ellis's lips, saw her as she came up and was at her side in an instant.

"I am so glad to see you on deck," she exclaimed. "Come and take my chair; it is nicely sheltered from the wind, and Mr. Ellis is telling me about England, and it is so interesting."

"Thank's," said Emryntrude stiffly; "I don't think Mr. Ellis could give me any information about England that would be of use to me and I have a chair of my own somewhere." Ellis found her chair, placed it in a comfortable corner and wrapped her rug round her, but did not suggest that she should come near Alice. She barely thanked him and he returned to his companion.

"You wonder, Miss Barclay," he said, alluding to a conversation they had the previous day—"can you wonder at my countrymen having such a false impression of you when a woman like that comes to England and calls herself an American lady?"

"I know she is horrid," Alice replied, with something like tears in her eyes; "but you know we aren't all like that."

"Yes, fortunately I do; I know you. Formerly my ideal woman was rather hazy and undefined, but now I know exactly what she is like. She is not very tall, but graceful as a fairy; she has brown hair and eyes; she is always bright and cheerful, and she is kind to every one, even to those who don't deserve it. She is an American, and her name is—"

"Oh, Mr. Ellis, there is Valeria Vandersteen, do go and get her a chair," interrupted Alice, speaking calmly enough and looking him in the face with a glance that seemed to defy him to say she was blushing.

"Thank's," said Dick, "I am only a barbarous Englishman, and a little insolence from a woman goes a long way with me. I have had quite as much as I want."

"Oh, but I wish you would help her," said Valeria.

"That alters the case," and Dick obediently went and arranged everything for Valeria's comfort, thereby deepening the impression in the Vandersteen mind that he wished to attain the honor of their intimacy.

Presently a pause in their conversation enabled Alice and Dick to hear a dialogue between the sisters which was evidently leveled at them.

"The worst of these being no titles with us," said Valeria, "is that Englishmen who would never aspire to good society in their own country, think they have a right to mix with the best families in America."

"Yes, but they don't keep it up long," answered her sister; "they find their own level pretty soon and look to the families of dry-goods men and the like."

Alice Barclay started from her seat. "Please take me for a walk up the deck," Mr. Ellis said, "I can't endure this." When they were out of hearing she exclaimed vindictively, "I should like to throw them overboard!"

"Don't," cried Dick, laughing. "I don't mind taking any wager you like that three months are over they will wish they had drowned themselves before they spoke rudely of either you or me."

During the remainder of the voyage the Misses Vandersteen treated Alice with a condescending stiffness which, we are sorry to say, made her regret she had ever spoken to them, but Dick Ellis they carefully ignored, save once. He was in the saloon, putting up in a portfolio some sketches which he had just been showing to Miss Barclay when Valeria Vandersteen entered. She herself had some talent for painting and no little love for it, and she could not resist the pleasure of looking at these drawings.

"Did you do them, Mr. Ellis? O, do let me see them!" she cried.

He showed her each one, telling her the subjects and talking about the spots where they were made, in such an interesting manner that for full half an hour Valeria forgot the solemn duty of keeping him at a distance. But as they came to the last of the sketches she recalled it, and mourned her temporary unbecoming.

"This is really lovely," she said taking up a view of the Hudson; "I should like to buy it. What is the price of it, Mr. Ellis?"

Dick started at her in amazement. "Excuse me," he said coldly, "my sketches are not for sale."

"But I want this one particularly," said Valeria.

"Then, Miss Vandersteen, will you honor me by accepting it?"

"Certainly not. I couldn't do such a thing. You must sell it to me."

"I would much rather give it to you," said Dick.

"But I won't take it. What price do you ask?"

"I have really never thought of it," said Dick.

"Would \$25 be enough?"

"Since you make a point of buying it—yes."

Valeria produced her purse, paid the money and carried off the sketch in triumph.

"Now he can't presume on knowing us," she reflected. "If I had accepted the drawing he might have made use of the incident to foist himself on us in London, but now it is merely a matter of business."

If Dick muttered something unorthodox under his breath after Miss Vandersteen had left him, it might surely be forgiven. He collected his sketches once more, and went to Alice Barclay. "I have just had a new experience, Miss Barclay," he said, "I have been earning money."

"Miss Vandersteen has just bought one of my sketches for \$25."

"O, Mr. Ellis! And you let her do it?"

"She insisted on it. I asked her to take it as a gift, but she evidently considered the offer presumptuous, so I was obliged to let her have her own way. But I don't like to be insulted, even by a lady, and lest Miss Vandersteen should wish to purchase any further specimens of my work I want you to do me a favor."

"If said Alice, in astonishment.

"Yes. Will you accept the whole portfolio as a token of an Englishman's admiration for your country?"

"O, I can't, Mr. Ellis. It is too great a gift."

"Perhaps you would prefer to buy them?"

"How can you be so unkind! You know I don't mean that."

"Forgive me. I had no right to speak to you like that, but Miss Valeria's manner irritated me so much. You will forgive me, Alice? And in token of your forgiveness you will accept my work, will you not? I should like to think that it was in your possession."

And what could Alice do but blush and consent?

At last Liverpool was reached, and the Misses Vandersteen took train for London, there to place themselves under the care of Lady Barbara Macnab.

Lady Barbara Macnab was a disappointed woman. When, as Lady Barbara Vandeleur, she had first made her entrance into society, she had been much admired, and consequently she had disdainfully refused several offers of

marriage which, though good, were not great enough to satisfy her ambition. It was, as the result proved, an unwise course for a lady so slenderly portioned as she, for an attack of small-pox deprived her of her beauty, and she was obliged to ask herself, not whom she should marry, but who would marry her. The question was a difficult one of solution, but at last a suitor appeared in the person of Mr. Macnab, of Tulliecadnor. It is true that this gentleman was on the high road to 60, and possessed certain characteristic Scottish vices, in addition to a Scottish length of pedigree and a Scottish shortness of pulse, but Lady Barbara accepted him, saying in her own mind that it was better to be a widow than a spinster. Of the intervening stage of existence as a wife, the less said the better.

Within two years, however, Mr. Macnab was laid in the grave by his fathers at Tulliecadnor, and Lady Barbara was a free woman once more. But she was not a rich one. The jointure she received from the Tulliecadnor estates was not sufficient to satisfy all her desires, and she had been obliged to add to her income by various means. She wrote paragraphs on balls, bazaars and beauties for society journals; she was obliged in the management of the entertainments of rich parvenus, who, of course, gave her a handsome present as an expression of their gratitude, and were privileged to send wine, fruit and game when she gave a party; and every season she introduced a young lady into society. For this, too, she was paid—paid to her husband's credit, compensated, by the girl's family, if she was rich, or by the man she married if she was poor. Lady Barbara demanded three things of her charges: That they should be pretty, obedient to her directions, and ready to marry at the end of the season. She could not stand girls who insisted on dillyng with detrimental and refusing good offers; they must be sensible and tractable. And, let me tell you, Lady Barbara was very successful in her vocation; she never had a failure, and she had had several triumphs. Did not her last American betrothed become a countess of Bognor, and relieve the earl of all future anxieties? Was it not one of her charming but penniless proteges who married young Ironstone, whose coal-mines are the envy of thousands? It was to her care that the Misses Vandersteen were consigned, and her ladyship could not help feeling with modest pride that they could not have had a better chaperon.

She was delighted with her new charges. She had artistically advertised them by writing in *The Glass of Fashion*, the paper to which she contributed, paragraphs about "The new American beauties who are at present the guests of Lady Barbara Macnab at her charming little house, the rendezvous of the elite of the social and artistic world." She described their dresses and their diamonds, and the sensation they created when they appeared at the drawing-room; but she knew well that advertisements are not always brought to the success they aim at. In this case, however, they answered their purpose; the Misses Vandersteen were among the most successful of the season's debutantes, and Lady Barbara began to entertain justifiable hopes of a success greater than any of her previous ones.

"Make yourselves look as charming as possible to-night," she added to her proteges on evening in May; "Lady Foxland is one of the best dressed women in Europe, and she won't stand down even in a princess."

"And she's very select, too, isn't she?"

"Words won't describe it. She draws the life finer than any woman in London. I almost went down on my knees to her to get an invitation to a ball for James Ironstone after he was engaged to Evelyn Mowbray, but she wouldn't yield. I believe Mr. Ironstone's father was a collier," said Valeria to her sister, and Mrs. Mowbray married her.

"I shall not receive her, either," said she, and kept her word. Any one who goes to Foxland house is safe, and as the marchioness never crowds her rooms your dresses up to the best advantage. You ought to make a sensation to-night."

"Never had Lady Barbara had greater cause to be proud of her guests. They were beautiful, exquisitely dressed and successful. Every man in the room wished to dance with them, and, which delighted Lady Barbara more, Lady Foxland herself spoke of them as "your charming young friends."

"If those girls don't make the best matches of the season I will never bring one out again," thought Lady Barbara.

"Valeria," said Emryntrude to her sister, "I am almost sure I saw Alice Barclay."

"Impossible! She knew no one in London. How could she get here?"

But even as she spoke she saw Alice and with her Dick Ellis. Lady Barbara noticed the latter.

"There is a man I must introduce to you," she said, "he who is going into the conservatory with that little dark girl—I wonder who she is—Dick Ellis. I suppose he is staying here."

"Here! in the house, do you mean?" asked Valeria.

"Yes."

"Oh, surely not!"

"Why not? Lord Foxland is his uncle."

"But he is only an artist."

"An artist! He goes in for painting a good deal, I know, but he is Lord Eastbourne's only son, and heir to the earldom of Sussex."

"But Lady Barbara, that Mr. Ellis's name is Hugh Roderick Herbert de Marchmont."

"Yes, but everybody calls him Dick. He is a charming fellow."

The Misses Vandersteen nearly fainted with horror, but their partners claimed them at that moment, they were forced to submit to their feelings. But the gentlemen who had the honor of dancing with them were so much to find them so silent. When they returned to their chambers they found that Lady Barbara had captured Dick and was questioning him about Alice.

"She is Miss Barclay?" they heard him say. "Her parents and she came over in the same vessel as I, and since then they have been staying with my people at Bourne Lodge."

"She looks very charming."

Dick smiled. "I think her so," he answered, "but perhaps my word won't be accepted, as she is the young lady I am going to marry."

"Indeed, I congratulate you," said Lady Barbara, with every correct appearance of delight, but with disappointment in her heart, nevertheless. It was a good part to lose. "Let me introduce you to the Misses Vandersteen," she added, however, as a duty. The future earl of Sussex was worth having as a friend, even if he was lost as a husband.

"I am already slightly acquainted with them," said Dick, and with a few words, polite but chilly, he left them.

The lady who received for the first time the confusion written on the girls' faces, "Why, my dears, what is the matter?" she asked.

"Let us go home, Lady Barbara. Oh, I stop go home!" almost sobbed Valeria; "it is up five minutes longer I shall begin to cry."

Lady Barbara was alarmed. She carried them off as speedily as possible, a grown anxiety mingling with her bewilderment.

"And now," she said, when they were home once more, "what is the matter?"

So they told the tale of their blunder. Lady Barbara listening with a face on which bewilderment gave place to gravity and anxiety.

"And oh!" exclaimed Emryntrude, who

all was told, "that I should have said to the girl he is going to marry that he couldn't give me any information about England that would be of use to me!"

"And that I," sobbed Valeria, "should have refused to take the picture he offered me, and insisted on paying him \$25 for it."

"You have ruined yourselves," said Lady Barbara solemnly. "If either he or his fiancée mentions a word of this to any one—and though he may be silent, she won't—it will be all over London in twenty-four hours, and everybody will be laughing at you."

Then Lady Barbara was silent for a time, considering the situation. For the girls' mortification she did not care—indeed she regarded it as only a just punishment for not making sure when they were snubbing her before being rude to Mr. Ellis and his betrothed; but the odium which their folly reflected on her filled her with vexation. It was her first failure, and it came when she had been anticipating a marked success. After all her skill and care and good management, to come to a fiasco like this! Her reputation as a marriage-maker would be ruined if the Vandersteens' mistake, in all its enormity, came to the world's ears, and she would never be entrusted with a debutante again. She felt that she detested the poor girls of whom an hour ago she had been so proud, and now her sole desire was to get rid of them as soon as possible.

"I think," she said at last, "that you have spoken of some friends in Paris whom you meant to visit in the autumn. Under the circumstances, the best thing you can do is to go to Paris at once."

## HER DIAMONDS.

"You know, dear, we are not the least bit in love with each other," Lucy Bassett said, reaching up to pull my whiskers, and laying a coaxing cheek against my shoulder. It would be very foolish for you and me to fall in love with each other, and we just won't."

And to emphasize the declaration, the softest little fingers in the world, being still twisted in my whiskers, pulled my face down to a level with hers, and this girl, who was not the least bit in love with me, kissed me.

There's a great many different ways of kissing, you know. There are cold lips, and dry lips, and oily lips, and lips that glide past your face like ghosts, and lips that you'd rather have a blow than kisses from; but Lucy's kisses were half-opened rosebuds at 6 o'clock of a June morning.

Lucy herself was a whole garden of roses—dew, color, fragrance and all. When she looked at you, you felt as if your whole heart was exhalting at your eyes, and when she smiled upon you, it did not matter what sort of thunder and lightning there was in any other part of the globe, it was distilled sunshine where you were. I don't know if Lucy were pretty, but she had a lot of pretty characteristics. She was all quality, like a golden wine that is better the longer you keep it, and that gets a new flavor every time you taste it—a more molten sparkle every time it drips over the beaker's rim.

The beauty of her eyes was in their expression; of her hair, in its brightness. Her face was a blossom, her hands birds; and if the white wings of her fingers fluttered across your horizon, you might as well be blind for all seeing anything else but her. In short, you see I was in love with Lucy, if Lucy was not in love with me; and it is my private opinion that we were very much in love with each other, in spite of Mrs. Anstruther's parting admonition, that we were on no account to commit so absurd a blunder.

Lucy and I were both orphans. Lucy was an only niece to Mrs. Anstruther, whom she called Aunt Doria, and whose prospective heiress she was supposed to be, provided always she married, please her.

I was nephew to Mrs. Anstruther's husband, who was dead, and heir to nothing but my wits—a rather slender property. Lucy derisively assured me, and scarcely likely to yield an income equal to the probable demand of a pair so extravagantly inclined as we.

"So you see it would never, never do," Lucy would say, with a roguish pout of her rosy lips at me, and Aunt Doria, needn't be one bit afraid, so far as I am concerned."

Aunt Doria had been absent from the Grove some three weeks now, summoned away by the illness of a friend, just as I had got myself comfortably bestowed in her best chamber, with a dislocated shoulder, which injury had been received in a struggle with a refractory steed which had tried to run away with Miss Lucy.

Mrs. Anstruther was warranted in considering the incidents as dangerously romantic in its tendencies, and she left us together at the Grove with manifest reluctance. She had, however, great confidence in Lucy, and she gave her distinctly to understand, in my presence, that if we two made such nimble of ourselves as to turn lovers while she was gone, we should never see the color of her money, either of us.

Well, for some days I, for one, felt like little else but groaning; and then gradually I became conscious of a velvet touch that swallowed pain, of a hovering face that deliciously attuned, that coaxed all sorts of soothing and coaxing speeches, with a "dear," "I was petted and babied and pitied to an extent that I don't mind confessing here, and it was the means of my pretending sick a trifle longer than was really necessary; but I don't think many would have blamed me, under the circumstances. The consequence was, that I was only fairly established down stairs again when Mrs. Anstruther returned. She eyed Lucy and me very sharply, and we two bore the inspection with great demureness till, chancing a moment's glance, a spark from Lucy's russetment lit on me, and we went off into explosions of laughter, that nearly took Mrs. Anstruther off her feet with amazement. However, she laughed, too, presently, and in the same breath announced that company was going to the Grove the following week.

"Shall I go, Mrs. Anstruther?" I asked. "I am sufficiently recovered, I think."

"Certainly not," she answered, sharply. "Whatever mischief is done can't be made any worse by your staying; and it might be as well, besides, for Lucy to have an opportunity for comparing you with other people. If I am not mistaken, she will know a gentleman when she sees him."

"If I don't, aunt, it won't be the fault of Felix here," spoke Lucy, coming swiftly beside me, and pinching my arm.

"Ta-ta, miss! Impertinence, Felix, is very well; but wait till next week."

"I presume I shall, and considerably longer," Lucy answered saucily.

"Miss Lucy Bassett, I should like to know what this means?" demanded Mrs. Anstruther, loftily.

"Nothing very serious—does it, Felix?" laughed Lucy. "We are too well warned, aunt, dear."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Anstruther, sailing from the room in a very evident passion, and sending for me to her apartment half an hour after.

I submitted to the curious tirade that followed with mingled irritation and good humor, and offered at least six times in the course of it to leave the Grove that very day.

But Mrs. Anstruther would not hear of such a proceeding.

Lucy was waiting on the landing outside when I left her aunt, and she stood on tiptoe to whisper in my ear: "You don't mind, do you, dear, and left the warm print of rosy lips on my cheek, I can assure you I did not mind so much as I might."

When I left Mrs. Anstruther I had fully intended to quit the Grove, whether or no, the following day; but that half-dozen words with Lucy left me undecided again. I was an idiot for staying, first, because I was delightedly sacrificing a very pretty prospect in life by not going and, second, because I might have known beforehand what sort of an experience the next week's would be likely to be. But men are idiots when a pretty girl is concerned, and I was a great deal more bewildered with Lucy than I owned to myself. I spoiled my own mess, too, with my conceit. I am willing to own that men are more conceited than women, but then they have so much more to make them so. Why, only think of one woman like Lucy Bassett making "sweet eyes" at you.

I am willing to own at this day, that I had not at that time one misgiving as to how it was likely to turn with Lucy and me if I stayed. My going or staying was a mere question of self-abnegation. Should I try and win the girl who loved me in the face of Mrs. Anstruther's threats of poverty and starvation, or should I generously leave her to forget me as fast as she could, and bestow her matchless beauty upon some prince of the crew that were coming to the Grove that week?

I was not generous. I did not at all relish being forgotten, and I stayed.

Mrs. Anstruther's company came in due time—a household of them, too—gentlemen and ladies; some married, some single; the young ladies pretty creatures enough, and the gentlemen good talkers and well dressed.

I understood long before the passage of the first day what Mrs. Anstruther meant by her talk about gentlemen. She meant men who owed their right to be ranked above the "plebs" to their tailor. My best coat was of last year's cut, and a trifle seedy, having done duty alternately as every day gear and pattern leather, though as well kept as could possibly be expected under the circumstances, had quite lost that beautiful shapeliness of limb which characterized those of Mrs. Anstruther's guests.

In vain I kept repeating to myself, "A man's a man for a' that," and "Dress doesn't make the man." I was humiliatingly sure that I wasn't half a man because of my seedy gear.

Mrs. Anstruther watched me, and I felt rejoiced at my discomfort, what she could see of it. Out of sheer revenge I devoted myself to Lucy. Secure in Lucy's fondness for me, I took airs upon myself, and for every sneer I imagined flung at my clothes, I managed to make Lucy snub the sneerer.

I don't know how it was; I think I had taken a little too much wine that evening, and there was a Count Leopold Keirst who was especially affected by Mrs. Anstruther for Lucy, and who was nothing loath himself. The man was the most dandy, empty-headed as a rattle-box, positively nothing but clothes and title, but because I hated him for daring to aspire to Lucy, I insisted upon her openly insulting him by dancing with me when she had promised him, and they had even got their places upon the floor. I suppose I was mad with jealousy, envy and wins, and I saw Mrs. Anstruther shaking her head at Lucy from a corner. I insisted that Lucy should dance with me instead of the count, and she refused, of course.

Half an hour afterward, carpet-bag in hand, I had left the house, and by morning was miles on my journey city-ward.

I had discovered my sense by that time, and was sufficiently conscious what an idiot I had made of myself.

Whatever conceit was left in me then was taken out before the day was done.

As I got off the cars at noon a strange man put his hand on my shoulder. I was arrested for stealing Mrs. Anstruther's diamonds. She had telegraphed to have it done, and Lucy had not hindered her.

It was odd, but I never felt myself more a man than at that moment. The touch



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BY M. H. JEWELL.

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For President—

JAMES G. BLAINE, OF MAINE.

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## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

## A Young Girl's Dementia—How It Was Occasioned—Some New and Startling Truths.

The St. Louis express, on the New York Central road, was crowded one evening recently, when at one of the way stations, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, entered the cars and finally secured a seat. As the conductor approached the pair, the young lady arose, and in a pleading voice said: "Please, sir, don't let him carry me to the asylum. I am not crazy, I am a little tired, but not mad. Oh, no indeed. Won't you please have papa take me back home?"

The conductor, accustomed though he was to all phases of humanity, looked with astonishment at the pair as did the other passengers in their vicinity. A few words from the father, however, sufficed, and the conductor passed on while the young lady turned her face to the window. The writer chanced to be seated just behind the old gentleman and could not forego the desire to speak to him. With a sad face and a trembling voice the father said:

"My daughter has been attending the seminary in a distant town and was succeeding remarkably. Her natural qualities, together with a great ambition, placed her in the front ranks of the school, but she studied too closely, was not careful of her health, and her poor brain has been turned. I am taking her to a private asylum where we hope she will soon be better."

At the next station the old man and his daughter left the cars, but the incident, so suggestive of Shakespeare's Ophelia, awakened strange thoughts in the mind of the writer. It is an absolute fact that while the population of America increased 30 per cent, during the decade between 1870 and 1880, the insanity increase was over 135 per cent, for the same period. Travelers by rail, by boat or in carriages in any part of the land, see large and elaborate buildings and inquire what they are.

Insane asylums.

Who builds them?

Each state, every county, hundreds of private individuals, and in all cases their capacity is taxed to the utmost.

Why?

Because men in business and the professions, women at home or in society, and children at school overtax their mental and nervous forces by work, worry and care. This brings about nervous disorders, indigestion and eventually mania.

It is not always trouble with the head that causes insanity. It far oftener arises from evils in other parts of the body. The nervous system determines the status of the brain. Any one who has periodical headaches, occasional dizziness, a dimness of vision, a ringing in the ears, a feverish head, frequent nausea or a sinking at the pit of the stomach should take warning at once. The stomach and head are in direct sympathy and if one be impaired the other can never be in order. Acute dyspepsia causes more insane suicides than any other known agency and the man, woman and child whose stomach is deranged is not and cannot be safe from the coming on at any moment of mania in some one of its many terrible forms.

The value of moderation and the imperative necessity of care in keeping the stomach right must therefore be clear to all. The least appearance of indigestion, or mal-assimilation of food should be watched as carefully as the first approach of an invading army. Many means have been advocated for meeting such attacks, but all have heretofore been more or less defective. There can be little doubt, however, that for the purpose of regulating the stomach, tuning it up to proper action, keeping its nerves in a normal condition and purifying the blood, Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, excels all ancient or recent discoveries. It is absolutely pure and vegetable; it is certain to add vigor to adults, while it cannot by any possibility injure even a child. The fact that it was used in the days of the famous Harrison family is proof positive of its merit as it has so thoroughly withstood the test of time. As a tonic and revivifier it is simply wonderful. It has relieved the agony of the stomach in thousands of cases; soothed the tired nerves; produced peaceful sleep and averted the coming on of a mania more to be dreaded than death itself.

## McHenry County.

SOURCE CITY, McHenry County, Sept. 6. EDITOR TRIBUNE:—As the TRIBUNE is a welcome prize to its numerous readers of McHenry and adjoining counties, perhaps a few items from this remote part of the country will be news to the general readers. McHenry county has been organized and the commissioners have taken the oath of office; the office has not been appointed as yet on account of the absence of Commissioner Towner. McHenry county is settling up very rapidly. Large herds of cattle have been driven in during the past summer, and thousands of tons of hay have been put up, sufficient for feeding during the winter months. The St. Paul & Manitoba railroad surveys are reported to be on their way making preliminary surveys to Monroe river, and are expected to reach here in a few days. Colonel O. M. Towner's fine new residence is completed and his family have moved in their new home.

Your correspondent has made a tour of Bottineau and Rollette counties; Bottineau and Rollette comprise a portion of the Turtle mountain country, and no doubt are among the best counties in the territory for agricultural purposes.

Oak Creek, running through the center of Bottineau county, is a beautiful stream with an immense water power at the foothills, where it emerges from the mountain. A large flouring mill is in course of construction and will be in operation this fall. Bottineau is an organized county and has a full set of officers. The commissioners are Dana, Burns and Sim. Bottineau is settled mostly with Canadians, Scotch and French, who claim 1,000 actual settlers in the county. Fine crops of wheat, oats and barley have been raised this season, sufficient to supply the home market. The county seat has not been located in Bottineau yet. The commissioners are going to let the people select sites this fall and vote on the question at the general election. Dunseith, the coming metropolis of the Turtle mountain country, is situated on Willow Creek, at the foothills, and is beautifully located on the east bank of the stream. The townsite is owned by a company of capitalists from Ohio, and are a good sized set of men. A line of road from Devil's Lake to Dunseith has been surveyed, which, when constructed, will connect with the Jamestown branch of the Northern Pacific company, and no doubt but this branch will be completed next season. A fine water power is also located at Dunseith, one of the finest in the territory. A large coal mine is in operation one mile and a half from town, and is said to be a very fine quality of coal. Considerable building is going on. So far there are three stores, three saloons, one hotel, one newspaper, the Dunseith Herald. Lots are selling rapidly. Corner lots are selling at \$500. Dunseith is in Rollette county, which is organized and a bitter fight is going on between St. John's and Dunseith for the county seat. St. John's having the most population and the oldest place. A bitter feeling exists between the two places. St. John is situated at the northeast end of the mountain, three miles this side of the boundary line, and consists mostly of half breeds, and in my opinion never will amount to anything. It lays in a narrow strip of country between the boundary line and the mountain, two townships being cut off for an Indian reservation. It would be the height of folly to attempt to hold the county seat at St. John for any period of time. Dunseith is centrally located in a fine agricultural country, with a splendid coal mine and water power, and is the coming town of Rollette and the celebrated Turtle mountain country. Rollette county claims 2,000 settlers. Nearly all the half breeds of North America are settled in and around the mountain.

The political situation of these counties is somewhat mixed at the present. There will be two sets of delegations sent to the Pierre convention. One will be anti-Raymond and will support Sam McMaisters or a Bismarck man if he will be presented at the convention. The majority of the people of these counties believe that John B. Raymond should not be returned at the next election. They believe that some such man as Dr. Bentley, of Bismarck, or Sam McMaisters, of the Black Hills, are more capable and more identified as Dakotians to represent the whole people of the Territory in congress. McHenry county has elected two McMaisters delegates to the Pierre convention with due reference to the Bismarck Journal notwithstanding. It is amusing to read the correspondence of the Bismarck Journal and the comments of that paper. The inference to be taken from that journal is if the people of Bismarck and Burleigh county do not support Raymond at the coming convention, he, John B. Raymond, with all his mighty power, will smash everything in Bismarck to smithereens; he will not leave one stone upon another. How do you Bismarckians like it? Have you got to submit to the Raymond lash?

The people well understand that John B. Raymond was a creation of bargain and sale at the Grand Forks convention two years ago. The Burleigh county delegation, may it be said to their credit, did not go into the bargain and sale business, and this is why Mr. Raymond is not friendly to the people of Bismarck and Burleigh county. He is not now nor never will be.

The Journal states that Bismarck should not go into the convention and ask for anything or present a candidate. We do not see why Bismarck should not present her claims before that convention. Bismarck has got the material to do it with. Bismarck has got nothing from the territory only what she bought and paid for. She got the penitentiary. She also got the capital, it is true, but Bismarck money built it. We notice the legislative district republican committee met at Jamestown and selected Bismarck as the place of holding the convention. We notice in the apportionment that the counties of McHenry, Bottineau, Stevens and Rollette are ignored from participating in the convention, notwithstanding that McHenry, Bottineau and Rollette are three organized counties.

Did the committee know that there are between three and four thousand legal voters in these northern counties? Do they know that those counties demand representation in that convention? If they are not aware of these facts they had better study the political history of their district. I almost forgot Benson county. It is in this district also, and is thickly settled. The people demand one member of the house for this portion of the district. Delegates will be sent to the republican district convention, and if we do not receive our rights we will demand them at the democratic convention, when that will be held, and if we are ignored in both conventions the people will run a man from this section of the district and elect him.

COWBOY.

## Death of Wm. C. Snodgrass.

Monday last, at 9 p. m. William C. Snodgrass breathed his last. He was taken ill at the residence of John A. McLean three or four days ago, and gradually grew worse until death. The immediate cause of his death was heart disease, following the long spell of sickness of over two years, from which he seemed to be slowly recovering until last week. Last year he visited regions in the far south and gained in health until it became possible for him to come back to Dakota in July last. Here he gained gradually until two or three weeks ago, when he began to fail, owing to indigestion followed by heart difficulties.

The death of Mr. Snodgrass will cause universal sorrow, for his peculiar temperament made a warm friend of even every casual acquaintance. Kind hearted, generous, social and honest, he had not an enemy on earth. He was about 32 years of age, and was born in Markworth, Ont., where his parents and sisters now live. He has a brother in St. Paul, in the employ of P. H. Kelly & Co. He was conscious until the last, and suffered at times untold agony.

Mr. Snodgrass came to Bismarck in 1878, and was in the employ of the old firm of McLean & Macomber as book-keeper from that year until 1883. This was during a period when this firm had hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of government contracts, and an immense amount of book-keeping to do. Mr. Snodgrass was equal to all emergencies, and his advice in financial matters was invaluable.

## McKenzie in South Dakota.

United States Commissioner Alexander McKenzie was in Yankton last week and the Press and Dakotian publishes the following interview.

He says he was appointed last winter by the president of the United States as Dakota's commissioner for the exposition, and placed in charge of the exhibit from our territory at the exhibition. He was also charged with the duty of securing articles for exhibition and attending to Dakota's representation at New Orleans. In the beginning he did not realize the importance or size of the trust imposed upon him, but is now convinced that it is a large responsibility and one which requires much work. In the beginning a fund is required and fully \$25,000 will be necessary to pay the expenses of Dakota's show in the exhibition. He first tried to raise this by private subscriptions, but found that the plan was not practicable. Next he approached the various railroad companies with a proposition that they put up the money. Their representatives told him they were spending a great deal of money advertising Dakota in various ways and did not feel that they could incur the expense of the Dakota part of the New Orleans exposition. They told him they were paying \$127,000 taxes in Dakota and were willing to assume their share of a general levy to meet the cost of the undertaking.

There was no provision made by the last legislature for drawing this money from the territorial treasury. Mr. McKenzie made propositions to the various counties to donate their share of the fund. Many were willing and many were not, and as the willing ones would have to pay for the unwilling ones, he abandoned this as impracticable. He has finally decided after conferring with various parties over the territory to pay the debt, and issue a county warrant representing the county's share of the \$25,000, payable May 1, 1885. These warrants are to be put up as collateral and the money borrowed for the purpose set forth. Each legislative district is to instruct its representative to vote for a bill at the coming legislative session appropriating \$25,000 to meet the exposition expenses, and when this money is available the debt is to be paid and the various county warrants to be returned and cancelled. By this process Mr. McKenzie expects to use the credit of the several counties to secure a loan with the understanding that the territory is to pay the debt. On a territorial valuation the tax to meet this obligation will be a little less than one third of a mill on the dollar.

The northern Dakota legislative districts have agreed to this arrangement, and Commissioner McKenzie is now in the south to secure the operation of this half of the territory.

Minnehaha, Union and Clay counties were visited by him before he came to Yankton. The first named county has agreed to put up a \$1,000 warrant, and Clay and Union, he says, are favorable to the project. He is here to ask Yankton county to go into the arrangement. Mr. McKenzie proposes to divide the territory into two districts and has appointed Mr. Fleming, of Fargo, deputy commissioner for northern Dakota and Melvin Grisby, of Sioux Falls, deputy commissioner for southern Dakota. These delegates will make a change of the collection of articles for exhibition in their respective districts.

He has also requested Governor Pierce to appoint an auditing board of three persons, two of whom are to be chosen from South Dakota and one from the north. The duty of this board will be to pass upon all accounts in connection with the exposition and make a report to the next legislature under oath. Mr. McKenzie is also desirous of appointing a special commissioner in each county and one at large in each legislative district, this board to gather in articles for exhibition and turn them over to the deputy commissioner and the exhibits from each county will be so arranged at the exposition that they can be distinguished from the general exhibit and the place of their origin indicated.

This is in general the outline of Commissioner McKenzie's plan. He will wait upon our county board and explain it more in detail and ask them to assist in carrying out his arrangements.

## More About the Convention.

Mr. E. P. Wells, chairman of the territorial central committee furnishes the following card:

I am in receipt of a letter from the management of the Fargo and Southern R. R. Co. requesting that I shall make known the proposed arrangement for transportation of the North Dakota delegates to the Pierre convention, and urging upon me the importance of early information being given as to the number of persons who will attend. It is their purpose to sell tickets from Fargo to Pierre and return for one fair to delegates, and to others, who desire to attend, the round trip rate will be one and one fifth. They also state that if one hundred persons go together they will run a special train from Fargo to Wolsey; then connecting with a special train offered by the Northwestern railway which will be run to Pierre. Delegates going by this route will be saved over ten miles of travel. I would suggest that the chairman of each county delegation in North Dakota immediately ascertain the number of persons going from his county who will avail themselves of this arrangement, and that he shall at once advise me at Jamestown Dakota in order that the proper authorities may be given preparation for the same. When I shall have heard from a sufficient number to determine the question of a special train, I will in turn inform the various county delegates of the result.

Signed, E. P. WELLS, Chairman of the territorial central committee.

## Important Contest Decided.

On Tuesday the local land office rendered a decision in the contest of William Grimshaw vs. Lorison J. Taylor, of much interest to the people of the neighboring city of Steele, involving as it does a valuable homestead claim adjoining the flourishing city. The decision holds that the claimant, who is a commercial traveler and whose residence has consisted of occasional visits to the lands, has failed to maintain a residence such as is required by the homestead law and, therefore, recommends the cancellation of the entry. E. N. Parker, Esq., of Steele, appeared for the contestant, with O. F. Davis, of this city, as associate counsel. The claimant was represented by Attorney J. W. Walker, of Steele.

## Some Wheat.

Ordway Tribune: Hon. L. G. Johnson brought with him from Bismarck last week a head of wheat four inches in length, as large around as your first finger, and with 120 grains of wheat, each grain at least double the size of an ordinary one. This may seem a little fishy, but several of our citizens saw the sample at his office on Main street, and all will vouch as to its correctness.

## Not a "Campaign" Paper.

Miles City Record: The Bismarck Weekly Journal, edited by Colonel C. A. Lounsbury, will commence the publication of a daily on or about October 1. The weekly assures its readers that the daily is not to be a "campaign"

paper, but forgets to say just what the weekly will be. Just now, however, aside from a slight reference to Bismarck's first medium, Mrs. Penwell, one may look in vain through its columns for any information save that Delegate Raymond is up for re-election.

## Excellent Flour.

The Olimax brand of flour ground by the Bismarck mills, is a pronounced and decided success, or least that is the decision of those who have tested it. Last Tuesday some of the favorite brand Olimax was left at the Banner house for trial. Either the success of the experiment was due to the skill of the culinary artist or to the superior quality of the flour, for Messrs. Russell & Beardsley say that it is without doubt the best flour they ever used. Mr. Hillier & Son are millers of long experience and they say they have the utmost confidence in the ability of the mill to turn out the best flour in the northwest.

## Grain Inspection.

The following are the rules governing the inspection of wheat for the territory of Dakota, adopted August 22, by the territorial board of grain inspectors:

No. 1 Winter Wheat—To be pure white winter wheat, sound, plump and well cleaned and weigh not less than fifty-eight pounds to the measured bushel.

No. 2 Winter Wheat—To be pure white winter wheat, sound and reasonably clean and weigh not less than fifty-six pounds to the measured bushel.

No. 1 Red Winter—To be pure winter wheat, red, or red and white mixed, sound, plump and well cleaned, and weigh not less than fifty-eight pounds to the measured bushel.

No. 2 Red Winter—To be pure winter wheat, red, or red and white mixed, sound and reasonably clean and weigh not less than fifty-six pounds to the measured bushel.

No. 2 Winter—All winter wheat not clean and plump enough for No. 2, weighing not less than fifty-five pounds to the measured bushel. Rejected Winter—All winter wheat, damp, musty, grown, or from any cause so badly damaged as to be unfit for No. 3.

## Chips From Standing Rock.

The Indians south of the agency have thrashed all their oats. The average was about 60 bushels to the acre. As it was their first experiment in oats raising, the crop was very encouraging.

The Indian boys at the farm school have garnered their harvest with the following result: Wheat, twenty-five bushels to the acre; oats, forty bushels; potatoes, 100 bushels; corn, twenty bushels, and peas twenty-five bushels. There is no reason why field peas are not more cultivated in Dakota since they yield well, and when mixed with oats are excellent food for horses. Pat Kinister of Campbell county has raised them successively for the last three years on new breaking, and avers that they never yielded less than twenty-five bushels to the acre.

The most successful hop of the season came off last Friday at the residence of the old timer, Andie Marsh of Vanderbil. "Old Buck" of Bismarck got up the supper. Andie's name connected with the dance and Buck's name with the ordinary department was sufficient evidence that it would be more than a success. How to bond and rob the county is the question agitating a few shysters in La Gracé at present.

## A Little Premature.

The following from the St. Paul Globe: The first number of Colonel Lounsbury's new evening daily has appeared, and has the contour and padding of well digested journalism. The colonel is a reservoir of bright, plucky and snappy things, and will make a first class paper. The income from his official positions, said a town or two which he has established, as well as his bonanza farm, assures the success of his new venture. Whether he has patronage or not he is abundantly able to meet all financial demands.

## The Railroad From the South.

Yankton Press and Dakotian: Surveyors are now busy setting the stakes for a proposed railroad from Canning, a place on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad a short distance from Pierre, which is to run to Bismarck along the Missouri.

## Some Beet.

The TRIBUNE received a mammoth beet yesterday from Standing Rock, grown by the Indians at their farm school. A postal card from one of the Indian boys says: "We have an acre like this. Can any of your white boys under sixteen years of age 'beat' this?" The beet is now on exhibition in front of the TRIBUNE office.

Dr. Prices Special Flavoring Extracts have grown rapidly in popular favor, as it is known that they are produced by extraction from the fruit, not made up with chemicals. Each flavor is from the true fruit and aromatics, free from poisonous oils and ethers. They are natural flavors, which give the most delicate and grateful taste.

## Fire in Texas.

Chief of fire department, Houston, Texas, Mr. William H. Coyle, writes that he was severely injured by a falling wall. He could scarcely move about when he was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil, the magical pain reliever, and to his surprise he was cured of his lame ness.

The testimony of a million housekeepers who have for years used Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, and found it in all respects the best, is the strongest evidence that the public can have of its real worth. In the kitchen, in the family loaf, in the oven it shows its true value.

## Capital City Chips.

The brewery has reached the third story. The first floor of the season Monday night. The court house is receiving a fresh coat of paint.

Workmen are busy erecting the new street lamps. The steamer General Terry passed Sully at 10:30 a. m. yesterday.

Malloy & Storey have just completed a large addition to their livery stable.

Sunday's 6 o'clock passenger train was several hours late owing to a washout at Powder river crossing, near Glendive, Montana territory.

The reception given to Colonel Ball at the residence of E. C. Ford Monday, was a very pleasant affair, being largely attended by all his old time friends.

The brick work on the Lamborn house is nearly completed. The general appearance of the building is handsome, and the interior will be in keeping with the exterior.

Work on the capital building is progressing rapidly. A large force of carpenters are busy laying flooring and finishing the woodwork in the senate chamber, hall, etc.

The hard finish has been put on the upper portion of the capital dome. Carpenters are now at work on the window and door casings of the various rooms in the building.

In the absence of Hon. N. G. Ordway, Chairman Mr. E. H. Bly Monday wrote Chairman of the Burleigh county delegation will leave Bismarck Sunday morning next.

There were several wagon loads of wild plums from Painted Woods and vicinity sold upon the streets Friday. The plum harvest has not been as large for several years as it is this season.

The United States geological survey corps, now prospecting in the Sioux reservation, has found coal sixty miles northwest of Le Beau, on the Moreau river, one vein being seven feet thick and another three feet.

Harry Fariss has given up the management of the Merchants' dining room and will leave in a few days for a two months' hunt in the Little Missouri region. He will have with him a half dozen good hunters and will soon be able to furnish Bismarck markets with all manner of game.

Miles City Journal: A telegram to R. R. Thurston yesterday informed him of the death at Bismarck on Monday night of W. C. Snodgrass, a gentleman whose many friends in the northwest will hear the news with much regret. He was a contractor at Bismarck and held a responsible position with McLean & Macomber.

It is whispered around the town that Jimmy Emmons is about to start a Scandinavian newspaper in Bismarck and is negotiating now with Ole Bostrom, of the Painted Woods region, (by the way an old time political friend of E. A. Williams,) to take the management of the concern. Surely another daily is greatly needed here and especially that kind of a sheet.

A Belfast correspondent of the Mandan Pioneer says: The republican committee have decided to call a second meeting to elect delegates to Pierre from Billings county, the form of meeting being unsatisfactory to the majority of the citizens of Billings county, who did not even know that it was coming off. The second meeting will take place in Belfast on Monday September 8th.

Visitors returning from Fort Yates, the summer resort of the Missouri slope, report the season there about over. Since the departure of General Sittling Ball, the dances have been poorly attended. The hotels, however, and cottages are still crowded. Mr. Selmer, of Mandan, is entertaining a party of friends in the Parkins cottage. Hotel Douglas seems to be the favorite and under the management of the late Mrs. Parker, it deserves liberal patronage. Polado, caterer, breakfast in a dish in which she takes special pride.

## Personal.

B. B. Marsh, of Menoken, is in town.

Attorney F. B. Allen arrived home yesterday.

J. G. Tritton leaves this forenoon for Fort Yates.

Dan Williams, of Williamsport was in town yesterday.

Register Rea returned from the east yesterday morning.

Farmer Magill of Menoken is registered at the Sheridan.

F. B. Upton from New York is staying at the Sheridan house.

Sergeant A. G. Potter returned to Fort Lincoln yesterday.

D. A. Tyler has located his grain store on Fifth street.

W. D. Westcott has accepted a situation with C. R. Williams & Co.

C. H. Cook and wife of Minneapolis are stopping in the capital city.

The name of W. A. Porter of Philadelphia is written upon the Sheridan house register.

Mrs. C. Hubbard took the oath of office as postmistress at Cromwell, D. T., yesterday.

Among the many new arrivals at the Sheridan last evening was Miss G. A. Veeder of Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Craig Stewart of Harrisburg, Pa., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. W. Dickey of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. More, of New York, are visiting their brother, A. J. Wheeler, of this place.

Ex-Gov. Faulk and Commodore Konitz attended the opening services of the M. E. church Sunday.

It is learned that preliminary steps are being taken toward organizing a cavalry company in Bismarck.

John Stevenson, of Pittsburg, Pa., is stopping in the city for an indefinite length of time for his health.

Geo. T. Webster of the law firm of Webster & Jamison left yesterday for Chicago to be absent a couple of weeks.

J. J. Kerr of the firm of Kerr Bros., extensive cattle dealers lately located at Winchester, Emmons county, is in Bismarck.

Lieut. J. M. Burns of Fort Lincoln is expected to return to his post this fall. He is now at Columbus barracks, Ohio.

Capt. J. C. Barr has returned from his Fort Yates visit, where he was the guest of Wm. Mcneider.

Chaplain George D. Robinson and family, U. S. A., passed through the city yesterday on their return to Fort Buford.

Solon Kendall and wife, of Geneseo, Ill., relatives of Miss H. B. Mead, left for the Yellowstone Park yesterday morning.

T. P. Herron, book-keeper at Mellon Bros', bank, has commenced building a cottage on First street between Thayer and Rosser.

First Sergeant A. G. Potter, of Fort Lincoln, returned from St. Paul Tuesday. He has been traveling for some time in the east.

J. K. Wetherby has returned to the capital city and is occupying his accustomed place at the Sheridan house dining table.

William Snodgrass is again seriously ill. He has been confined to his bed for several days. His friends will be pained to learn these facts.

W. H. Tripp, of Vallejo, California, is the guest of J. D. Wakeman. Mr. Tripp is one of the best sketch artists in the west. He will remain some time in the city.

Gus Coalwell, the gentlemanly clerk at the Oster hotel, is going around on three legs. The captivating attractions of farming with pet canines does not agree with him.

Capt. Cramer and son Bruce left for Louisa, Ky., Saturday. Mrs. Cramer will remain with her daughter Mrs. John Bain for an indefinite period.

Mandan Pioneer: Judge Frazer will hold a term of court in Mandan in December. Two weeks and probably more will be devoted to this side of the river, so as to bring up business to date.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I send a receipt that will cure you, Free of Charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

Interesting to Women. Berlin's patent internal support for ulceration and weakness. Price, \$1 a trial sent, or by mail on observation, on receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin. Address Dr. T. N. Berlin, 1225 South Ninth street, Minneapolis, Minn.

## An Editor's Tribute.

Theron P. Keator, editor of Fort Wayne, Ind., Gazette, writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery for coughs of most severe character, as well as for a multitude of other ailments. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends and I have recommended it speak of it in some high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for coughs, colds, croup, and all throat troubles. Call at Peterson & Veeder's drug store and get a free trial bottle. Large size \$1.

## Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved that she is now able to do her own work." "Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at Peterson & Veeder's."

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sore throat, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Peterson & Veeder.



**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.

## First Publication September 12, 1884.

## NOTICE OF PREEMPTION FINAL PROOF.

L. AND OFFICE T. BISMARCK, D. T., September 15, 1884. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry therefor at this office, to wit: the register and receiver, on the 20th day of October, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m., viz: Pre-emption declaratory statement, No. 574.

Walter W. Bigelow. For the west 1/4 of northwest 1/4, sec. 20, township 133 north, range 78 west, and names the following as his witnesses the plat of his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: Frank A. Little



## A DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

What a Family Physician Says About the Headache.

How People May Keep the Head at Bay—Words of Wisdom for Suffering Men and Women.

["Pipsy Potts" in Arthur's Magazine.]

There are a great many kinds of headaches. There are various causes for them. Perhaps the most common kinds are the sick headache and a headache which comes from an unequal circulation of the blood. The first comes from an overburdened system, which is obliged to call a halt and relieve itself. There is generally a tendency to vomit and a pain in some part of the head, frequently the forehead. The pain is sometimes almost unbearable. This is caused by there being too much bile in the system; the bile has been manufactured too rapidly or has not been worked out of the system fast enough by active exercise. Women who are subject to spells of the sick headache are those who are confined in-doors too much; their lives are monotonous and they eat too heartily of food too solid and perhaps not digestible, or perhaps they eat between meals, taking a bite of the piece they spread for the children, or they take a handful of nuts or an apple or a drink of cold coffee.

Persons who have sick headache, as a rule, eat too much and exercise too little. They have cold feet and they are constipated. Too often they are people who are low-spirited, morbid, subject to the "blues," sensitive; the kind who "take a good cry," persons who take offense easily; whose love of approbation is large; who know nothing of that ease and comfort that goes with "a quiet heart." They are apt to indulge in moods—to be away up in the clouds, delighted, exalted, animated, or away down in the mire, despondent, sorrowing and gloomy.

Then there is a headache that comes from tight boots and shoes, tight lacing, or a garment that binds and annoys some part of the body. If from any of these causes our verdict would be "Scrives 'em right."

The headache common among young persons comes from derangement of the digestion and the subjects of it are often addicted either to sedentary occupations or to bads, theaters, evening concerts, and other dissipations, extending far into the hours of the night. The cure is so evident that it need not be insisted upon.

The headache in older persons is often caused by a flow of blood to the head, called vertigo, and is threatened apoplexy. Restrained diet, with moderate exercise, will usually bring about a cure unless there is positive organic disease.

A nervous headache, brought on by overwork, grief, sleep and like causes, is relieved by moderate, gentle rubbing of plying hands or the friction brush, and by applying a cloth dipped in hot water and quickly wrung out on the back of the neck. The feet above the ankles should be in moderately hot water at the same time. The pain is greatly assuaged by these simultaneous applications.

Ministers are apt to suffer very much from the tired or nervous headache. Up above the congregation the poor men get all the heat and bad air which rises, though they may escape the carbonic acid gas which settles in the pews. After the day's work how apt they are to drop into sleep and sleep it off. Better to have taken a brisk walk and time enough to get pure air into the circulation.

The nerve-power varies, like the pressure of steam, so many pounds to the square inch, though it cannot be regulated the same way. Our supply is weak in the morning; we cannot do much hard work before breakfast. It grows stronger toward noon; we go up with the sun; after 2 o'clock we begin to wane. Work done late at night is a greater tax upon the life than that done at noon. It is not right to turn night into day; it does not answer the purpose. There is a wonderful power in the light—a wonderful virtue in the sun's rays.

Brain-work is more exhaustive and uses up the nerve-power faster than any sort of manual labor. And the worst of it is that the brain is not apt to complain of nervous exhaustion. Busy brain-workers need recreation and rest, and they are wise if they remember it and do not defer it too long.

And there is refreshment in lying down and relaxing every muscle, even if one does not sleep. Let tired housewives, overworked others, teachers, the working man, and men of business, remember this. They are a whip and the spur to the jaded horse. Make the nerves start up suddenly and danger, only to run a little while.

Calisthenic exercise may be regarded as a specific for all kinds of aches, ailments, loss of nervous energy, and exhaustion.

**The Boom.**

[William Washburn.]

"What is it that supports this town?" I asked my western friend. "Have you any mines?"

"Oh, no; no mines. Something more solid than that."

"Any manufactures?"

"Oh, no."

"Good farming land?"

"Nothing but dog farms."

"What is it, then, that keeps all these hotels, newspapers, thunder pumper politicians and club houses going?"

"Well," he replied, cutting off a huge quid from my roll of tobacco, "I reckon you're a stranger. What is it that supports the government? It's the same thing that supports our town. It's the boom, sir; the boom."

**A Long Felt Want.**

[Philadelphia Call.]

Smith—I've got into a new business. I'm a waker-up.

Jones—What in the world is that?

Smith—Some days ago I advertised to go around and wake up servant girls in the morning.

Jones—Well, well; and how are you succeeding?

Smith—I have had 35,000 applications and they are still coming in at the rate of 1,000 an hour. The job is too big. Guess I'll have to give it up.

**Ice Lumps and Bills.**

[Philadelphia Call.]

Iceman—Well, as to non-conductors of heat, wool cloth is very good, but paper does first-rate.

Consumer—Paper?

Iceman—Yes; wrap the ice up in it.

Consumer—Well, when you leave your lamp, just please, wrap it in the bill.

**The Editor.**

A good editor must always be in his right mind.—Merchant Traveler. And have a sort of pen-chant for work.—South and West. And live within his ink.—Jewish Messenger.

Philadelphia Call: Wages are only 10 cents a day in China. How true it is that the slaves of Ah Sin is death—by starvation.

Carl Prezel's Weekly: A claret punch-blow on the nose.

## THE OLD BEAU.

[Edgar Fawcett.]

How cracked and poor his laughter rings! How dullest his eye, once flashing warm! But still a courtly pathos clings About his bent and withered form.

To-night, where mirth and music dwells, His wrinkled cheek, his lock of snow, Glean near the grandsons of the belles He smiled on forty years ago.

We watch him here, and half believe Our gaze may witness, while he prates, Death, like a footman, touch his sleeve And tell him that the carriage waits.

**POPULARITY OF HUMORISTS.**

**Versatility of Our More Recent Funny Men.**

[Chicago News "Sharps and Flats."]

The only two old newspaper humorists who have held their own before the public are C. B. Lewis, of The Detroit Free Press, and Robert J. Burdette, of The Burlington Hawkeye. Lewis is a veritable prodigy. He has written constantly for ten years, and he has not weakened in the least. Burdette does not write as much, but he has improved and he has yet to do his best work of his life. We believe Burdette is drifting toward verse-making; if this be true, we may look for some exquisite work at his hands after he has learned the difference between a spondee and dactyl and is brave enough to put his thoughts into rhyme. The foolish fear of being laughed at has aborted many a beautiful poem.

Of the more recent humorists, the best are Joel C. Harris, E. W. Nye, and Opie Reed. Nye is the most popular, but Reed is undoubtedly the most versatile. Harris' work is simply perfect in its way, but the fact that it is largely confined to dialect sketches prescribes the extent of its popularity, and this extent of popularity will, we believe, diminish year by year. James Whitcomb Riley is beyond all question the best of our humorous poets. Thomas B. Christol, of The New York Morning Journal, is the most promising of the young verse-writers, and he is undoubtedly the most prolific and most fashionable; it is hard to determine as to the versatility of his humor, as his verses have hitherto been wholly confined within the limits of comedy.

When we come to consider the demand for humor which exists in this country, we are amazed to find that there are so few writers capable of answering that demand. It is complained that the humorist writes himself out, but we do not believe it necessarily follows that because one has a talent he must exhaust that talent in two, five or ten years. We do not see why that talent should not endure a life-time. But it must be nursed and fostered and cultivated and improved.

The trouble with the average writer—he humorously inclined or not—is that he spends the principal of his ability instead of husbanding that principal and subsisting upon the interest. The graveyards of Journalism are full of intellectual papers—those who had all that genius could give a man, but who foolishly and extravagantly lavished their wealth of brilliancy, with no thought of the professional to-morrow, till they found themselves suddenly bankrupt and benighted and objects of universal compassion.

**He Won His Run.**

[Boston Globe.]

"I tell ye we ought to haul up that thar scow an' clean off her bottom," said Uncle Henry, as he and Uncle Bill stood examining the craft moored to the shore. "There's morn'n seven ton of sea hay a-growin' on her."

"No such thing," drawled Uncle Bill, the man who had never been excited or scared in his life. "I'll bet ye a quart of rum there ain't a mite o' grass on her bottom."

"I'll take ye up on that, b' George," said Uncle Henry. "We'll haul her up 's soon 's we've taken that stuff across the creek."

They had loaded the scow and started off, Uncle Henry propelling her from the stern and Uncle Bill standing way up in the bow with a pole to push her and shove away an occasional ice-cake, for the ice had not all left the creek. They were making pretty good headway, when suddenly Uncle Henry heard a splash and looked up—Uncle Bill was gone. He had fallen overboard, and the head of the scow had carried her right on over him, and he had risen below her. Uncle Henry was frozen with horror. What was he to do? For what seemed to him half an hour he poked around with his pole, and shored the scow back and forth, but without disclosing Uncle Bill. Suddenly he rose right by the stern. In an instant he was hauled aboard. He looked both drowned and frozen, and did not move.

"Gosh, Bill, be ye dead?" gasped Uncle Henry.

"I'm poaty derned near it," came in feeble tones from Bill, "but I'll be all right when I git thar run. There ain't a mite o' grass on the bottom o' that scow—I noticed pertic'lar"—and he fainted away.

**She Only Boasted.**

[Life.]

Clang! went the engine bell; the great wheels turned, and with increasing speed the long train pulled away. Clutching her light gripsack, preoccupied in mind, with eyes that looked saw not, and nose oblivious even to the persuasive nearness of the gas-works, through the bustling crowd she glided, and came to the back-stand. And then she raised her glance, and with a thoughtful look of recognition, said: "Hi! William!" and waved her parasol.

"Take me home," she said, as she got in; "I have none other baggage."

But though he cried, "Yes, miss," and slammed the door, sore puzzled was he in his soul, and knew not where to drive, and yet would not the maid should see he knew not where she lived.

Then to his comrade near who, vexed because himself too far had caught, observed him jealously: "Jim," he said, "where does Miss Bunceler live?" And James returned, attaining palpably upon him, then the bulge: "She don't live anywhere; she boards."

Thus in a higher educated age, where vagrant wisdom freights the instructive air, a vulgar tongue may speak a mighty truth and know it not.

**Expecting an Appointment.**

[Philadelphia Call.]

Jones—Why, my poor friend, what is the matter with your face?

Smith—I am very near-sighted, and while working in a planing-mill I had my nose cut off by a buzz saw.

"What a terrible accident! Are you now able to distinguish odors at all?"

"No; I can't smell a thing."

"Will you still continue to work in the planing-mill?"

"No; I am expecting to get an appointment as health inspector."

**Feminine Malignity.**

[Texas Siftings.]

"Mrs. Callahan has had her front teeth filled."

"Did she have them filled entirely?"

"O, yes; but why do you ask?"

"For no particular reason, except that she is so close I supposed that she would only have them partly filled. She must have been in an extravagant mood. What did she have her teeth filled with?"

"With gold, of course."

"Humph! I'll bet they are only plated."

## SALE OF LAND

FOR DELINQUENT TAXES.

OFFICE COUNTY TREASURER, BURLINGHAM COUNTY, D. T., Sept. 5, 1884.

WHEREAS, The taxes for the years A. D. 1879, 1881, 1882, and 1883 have become and are now delinquent and unpaid upon the following described real estate, situated in the county of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota,

THEREFORE, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the statute in such case made and provided, I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the county treasurer's office in the city of Bismarck and county of Burleigh, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the following described real estate, situated in the county of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, in order to satisfy the amount of delinquent tax aforesaid for the years 1879, 1881, 1882 and 1883 on each piece or parcel of land, together with interest, penalty and costs. The total amount due on each particular description is mentioned herewith.

W. B. BELL, Treasurer.

**1879.**

Cary H. Ireland, nee of NW 1/4 and SE 1/4 of NW 1/4 sec 8, tp 138 r 80, 80 acres \$12 35  
do lots 1 and 2 sec 8 tp 138 r 80 10 36  
W H Bacon NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 and NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 sec 16 tp 138 r 80 23 42  
Geo H Glass NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 and NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 sec 16 tp 138 r 80 15 05  
W Frickleton NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 and NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 sec 16 tp 138 r 80 16 29

**WILLIAMS' SURVEY TO BISMARCK.**

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**CITY OF BISMARCK.**

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**NORTHERN PACIFIC ADD. TO BISMARCK.**

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®



Name.	Lot.	Block.	Amnt.
Unknown			



# SALE OF LAND FOR DELINQUENT TAXES.

OFFICE OF CITY TREASURER  
CITY OF BISMARCK, D. T., Sept. 5, 1884.

WHEREAS, The taxes for the years A. D. 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1883 have become and are now delinquent and unpaid upon the following described real estate, situated in the city of Bismarck and county of Burleigh and territory of Dakota,

THEREFORE, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the ordinance in such case made and provided, I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the city treasurer's office in the city of Bismarck and county of Burleigh, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the following described real estate, situated in the city of Bismarck, county of Burleigh, territory of Dakota, in order to satisfy the amount of delinquent tax aforesaid for the years 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1883 on each parcel of land, together with interest, penalty and costs. The total amount due on each particular description is mentioned herewith.

GEO. E. HARRIS,  
City Treasurer.

1879.

Name. Lot. Block. Amt.

Chan Bassett 1 30 2 43

Ansley Gray 4 30 1 40

John Johnson 5 30 1 40

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Unknown	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

## FISHER'S ADDITION.

Unknown	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Unknown	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

## ACRE PROPERTY.

Unknown	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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## LOUNSBERRY'S OUTLOTS.

Unknown	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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## THE PRIMARIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

The primaries throughout the country for the election of delegates to the county legislative convention are held next Saturday at 1 o'clock p.m. The convention is held one week later, Saturday, September 20. The hour of one was fixed for the holding of primaries, because it was thought that the farmers could best meet at that hour, and it is desired to have the country precincts well attended. In this connection the TRIBUNE would urge upon the people of Burleigh county the importance of selecting solid delegations in the interest of E. A. Williams for the legislature. There ought not to be a single delegate against him, and probably will not be, but there should be no interest lost in the matter on account of this unanimity of sentiment. Mr. Williams made an excellent representative and secured for Bismarck all that she asked. No man could have done more than he and few men could have done as much. The people of Burleigh county should show their appreciation of the good work done by turning out in each precinct and giving Mr. Williams the unanimous support of the county. He deserves the compliment and he will appreciate it. Bismarck needs Mr. Williams in the legislature. His experience, his acquaintance with the affairs and the public men of the territory are of inestimable value to this community.

## The Spirits Talk.

The Journal says that for the first time since the days of Huntley and Alice La Sache, a genuine clairvoyant and medium is in town. The Journal also says that great men believe in spiritual manifestations and that Abraham Lincoln was one of those fellows. The mind of the Journal editor is just now engrossed in the political situation and in order to be definitely poised on the final outcome has visited this great foreteller of future events. The Journal of last Saturday devotes half a column to the hoodoo, and the following is a paragraph:

The Journal called on the lady—the visit proved an interesting one. She said that 'Sam' would be a leading factor in some sort of meeting, would be held east and south, that some of the fellows now living in clover would be obliged to take their peaches straight, while others that are now supposed to be down would live on peaches and cream and chicken pie; that Frank is a terror to snakes, and would be heard from; that M. was a mighty strong man, in fact she would have to look it up and see what it all meant, anyway. She gave the names correctly, and described correctly many departed friends, and spoke of many events in the past with a degree of wisdom that was really marvelous, and pretended to foretell much of the future.

## M. E. Church Improvement.

The general renovation of the M. E. church, which has been in progress for several months, is now completed. The yard has been graded, a gradual slope from the church to the neatly painted fence that encloses the grounds, and a wide sidewalk leads to the steps of the edifice. In front of the premises shade trees have been placed and are growing nicely. The ante room of the church is elegantly painted, the wood work representing both walnut and the floor is carpeted. The audience room is artistically frescoed, the colors blending so as to give the most pleasing effect. The wainscoting is a fine imitation of granite marble. Above the pulpit are gracefully painted mottoes. The pulpit furniture has silk plush trimmings and is very attractive. In the rear of the pulpit under the arch is the choir department, which is also carpeted and otherwise ornamented. The seats are finished in hard wood, black ash and walnut, and the ends are finely carved in gothic style. A beautiful ingrain carpet covers the floor.

Mr. Plannett has labored faithfully for months to complete these long needed improvements. The imitation of stained window glass is the work of Mr. Plannett himself. The exterior of the church is beautifully painted, and not the least improvement is the new pipe.

## A Fifth Street Jubilee.

Mr. C. E. V. Draper, manager of the Western Union Telegraph office, of this city, has just completed a new residence and for a single man such proceeding looks very suspicious. Draper's friends will listen to no explanations, and last Saturday Messrs. McGovern, Rogers, Register, Ives, Ross, Perkins, Kernan and Van Epps, insisted on viewing the new mansion, and taking Mr. Draper in tow, proceeded to upper Fifth street. Musical instruments were secured and a genuine house warming ensued. Perkins made a congratulatory speech, to which Manager Draper responded in suitable style. Boggs followed in one of his side splitting off hand speeches and Van Epps responded with a solo on the cornet. McGovern favored the party with a clog, to which Ives gave one of his characteristic Indian war whoops, followed by the tom tom by the entire strength of the company. Register evoked the blessing of the god of mirth, which inspired Ross to warble "We're B and For the Angel Land." Good cigars flowed like water, and although the commissary reports no liquors, the affidavits of each member of the party will be required to make the neighbors believe it. The party broke up by singing that good old song, "And Still There's More to Follow," which caused Draper to shed copious tears and declared the meeting adjourned sine die.

## A Leading Industry.

Few, even in Bismarck realize the importance of the Capital City Coffee and Spice Bazaar. Last Saturday, samples of all manner of spices, coffee, tea, etc., were brought to the TRIBUNE office, and the modus operandi of the establishment explained. Ten men are employed manufacturing all kinds of spices, coffee, etc. These articles are received in bulk and are put up here in their own cans and the favorite brands of their customers put on. The trade of the mill is increasing and brings to Bismarck many thousands of dollars that would otherwise go further east.

## Our Col. Plummer in Maine.

R. W. Correll, of this city, received a letter from Col. S. H. Allen, of Maine Saturday, in which he says that Col. Plummer of Dakota, will make his final political address September 6, at Gardiner, Maine, his birth place, and that the people of Gardiner are making preparations to give him a grand reception. The colonel will leave today for New York, where he is the guest of the national republican committee. After several days rejoicing over the successful work in Maine, he will leave for Ohio and Indiana, where he will stay until the closing of the campaign.

## A Word to Col. Lounsberry.

OFFICE OF THE STEELE HERALD.  
STEELE, KIDDER CO., D. T., Sept. 8, 1884.—To THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE:—Sir:—As the Steele Herald has but one more issue before the departure of the delegates elected to the Pierre convention, and as your paper, being largely

## circulated hereabouts, will serve me in righting

a wrong by correcting the absurd and false statements made by the Bismarck Weekly Journal of the 6th. I desire space on your columns for the purpose. The Journal says:

Why did Mr. Britton at Steele recognize the call for a county convention by publishing it and by taking part in it, and then repudiate it when he found every man in that convention, aside from himself, opposed to Col. Steele and in favor of John B. Raymond. He then called another convention in order to double the delegation, and thus contribute in that way to the defeat of Raymond.

In the first place, I have yet to learn that a newspaper publisher endorses everything appearing in his columns. Simply because I published, at the written request of Mr. J. W. Walker, his call for a convention, is no reason why I endorse it. If the call had been a legal one, I might have done so. If Mr. Walker had not sought to down Col. Steele, the city of Steele and range 73, by giving to the rival towns in our county six delegates to our three when they were not entitled to that representation. Range 73 will pull more votes than the balance of the ranges in the county put together, and I will not lend myself nor my paper to any trace whereby my own town, and the territory tributary thereto, shall be placed at the mercy of other sections of the county. I will certainly fight the other townsites proprietors in their efforts to down the townsite proprietor of Steele.

As to my taking part in the convention held under the call of Mr. Walker, I am compelled to contradict Col. Lounsberry most pointedly and emphatically. I did not take part in said convention, except in trying to protest against any assumed right its members thought they possessed under the call of Messrs. Walker, Price and Van Deusen, who were elected simply as a county central committee, and not as a partisan political committee, in electing delegates to the Pierre convention, which is a partisan political body.

To sum the matter up, I did not recognize the county convention, called by a non-partisan political committee, as one competent to elect delegates to Pierre; I did not take part in it; I have not called another convention in order to double the delegation, but simply called a convention of the republicans of Kidder county, as chairman of the republican county central committee, to elect delegates to a republican convention at Pierre.

In another part of the Journal I find Colonel Lounsberry saying that the delegates elected by the convention under discussion, I. e. A. G. Clark, of Steele, J. Van Deusen, of Tappen, and J. Dawson Thompson, of Dawson, "are opposed to Steele, who, it is reported, proposes to double the Kidder county delegation." The delegation is understood to be favorable to Raymond. It is quite natural that Mr. J. Van Deusen, townsite proprietor of Tappen, and Mr. J. Dawson Thompson, townsite proprietor of Dawson, should be opposed to Colonel Steele, townsite proprietor of Steele. It needs no argument to a fair minded man to convince him that they should not be. As to Mr. Clark I cannot say, but I believe he would be opposed to anybody, if thereby he could secure an office, even of the most simple sort. His action in allowing his name to go before an illegal body, and composed of men diametrically opposed to his own town, proves to the minds of the people here that he would join with the devil if he could get him to fall down and worship him. He has clearly shown his disposition to be cheek by jowl with rival townsite proprietors against his own town. As to the delegation being favorable to Raymond, both Clark and Van Deusen have personally told me that they have no choice.

## The Other Side.

In Saturday's TRIBUNE, mention was made of the arrest of Colonel Magill, of Menoken, for grain embezzlement. The following from Colonel Magill will explain his position in the matter:

EDITOR TRIBUNE:—As the TRIBUNE of yesterday notices my arrest for embezzling grain, let me say that a suit has been pending in the district court at Fargo for a year past between myself and the Farmers' Loan and Trust Co., to settle a grain deal made in February, 1883. On Thursday afternoon McCauley came to me with a demand that I withdraw my answer in the civil suit and allow them to take judgment for some \$1500 more than I concede to be their due, assuring me if I would do this they would not bring any criminal action, but threatening me with an action for embezzlement if I refused. I declined being bulldozed into acknowledging an unjust claim, and the arrest for embezzlement is the result.

## Opening Services.

The opening services at the M. E. church Sunday drew a large audience and proved a success financially. Rev. Ball, of Minneapolis, preached, and in that forcible, interesting style peculiar to that gentleman. The singing was excellent, said by many present to be the best choir singing ever heard in the city. The choir was composed of Mrs. Mosier, Miss Dingman, Miss Lucy, Mrs. Plumb and Messrs. Lacy and Harris, under the leadership of Mr. Van Houten. The management of the finances was in the hands of the pastor, Rev. D. C. Plannett, who proved as efficient in that direction as in making needed improvements. He stated that the expense incurred in the present improvements was about \$1,200, which had all been raised but about \$100. Other improvements, however, were necessary, such as furnace, chimney, etc., which would cost from \$500 to \$600. Besides this an old debt of \$1,000 with some interest would make the total amount that ought to be raised \$1,500. He asked that they raise at least one half of the amount at the present time. A basket collection of dollars was asked for as a commencement and \$74 was gathered from the congregation morning and evening. The children in the afternoon after speeches and singing also took up a collection which amounted to \$27.15. The total result of cash and subscriptions was \$729, very nearly one half of the amount needed to pay the debts. Considering the general depression it was a great financial success. A fine floral cross was presented for the occasion by Mr. Will, and a basket of flowers was donated by Mrs. J. H. Marshall.

## The Billings Convention.

The following special was received last evening from Billings, Dakota:

BILLINGS, DAKOTA, Sept. 6, 1884.

At the convention called by two members of the county central committee, ten members of Billings county held the afternoon, fourteen delegates were present. Harry Van Tassel was elected president and J. W. Harrison, secretary.

ary. A resolution was passed to the effect that the convention was not in opposition to the one held at Medora, but to secure a fair representation of the best sentiment of the county, insufficient notice having been given of the former convention and the proceedings are hereby declared informal. L. C. Hay and William Brewer were elected delegates to Pierre and by resolution were instructed to work first and last and all the time for Steele. Messrs. Hay will attend the convention and Brewer will send his proxy to McMasters.

## An Omen and a Treat.

'Tis seldom that the hearts of the toilers on the morning newspapers, who, through the long watches of the night labor for the edification of the people and the good of the nation, are gladdened by signs of recognition from those whom they work to serve. The TRIBUNE tonight, however, are among the small number specially blest, in being remembered by those public benefactors and master hands in catering to epicurean tastes, C. L. Marcelus & Co. Monday night, while delving in the boxes which contain the "little leaden messengers of thought," the printer men were suddenly lifted into the realms of expectancy by the arrival of the genial Charley and an invitation to repair to Bismarck's popular oyster bay and partake of a feast of the delicious bivalves, instead of the usual sandwich, when "time" was called. Accordingly the whole population of the composing room marched, in double file to the tastefully arranged parlors, where they found Harry waiting to give them such a treat as seldom falls to the lot of ye poor printer. Oysters, every one of them as large as the celebrated bivalve which caused Thackeray to remark that he felt as if he had swallowed a live baby, were served in the highest style of the caterer's art, accompanied by all that tends to tickle the palate of the gourmet, and after partaking of the good things set before them to repletion, the lightning manipulators of the aforesaid little messengers returned to their space boxes, firm in the conviction that there was still some good left in this vale of tears, and that Marcelus & Co. were among the elect, and stood "away up" in the line of purveyors to the appetites of hungry humanity.

## List of Letters.

Remaining uncalled for at the Bismarck, D. T., Postoffice for the week ending September 6th, 1884:

Unknown	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Unknown	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

## TEST YOUR BAKING POWDER TO-DAY!

Brands advertised as absolutely pure CONTAIN AMMONIA.

## THE TEST:

Place a can top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the can and pour out the contents. If it does not rise, it contains ammonia.



DOES NOT CONTAIN AMMONIA. ITS PURITY HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED.

In a million homes for a quarter of a century it has stood the consumers' reliable test.

## THE TEST OF THE OVEN.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., MAKERS OF

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts.

The strongest, most delicious and natural flavor known, and

Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gums

For Light, Healthy Bread, The Best Dry Hop Yeast in the World.

FOR SALE BY GROCERS.

CHICAGO, ILL. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Nervous Debility

## IDLE SONS OF REST.

An Organization Whose Members Must Avoid Work.



## JOHN SHERMAN'S HOME.

The Beautiful Mansion Which Has Just Been Completed.

One of the finest country residences in the State of Ohio—Internal Arrangements, Furniture, Etc.

[Boston Herald.]

Senator Sherman is just completing one of the finest country residences in Ohio at his home in Mansfield. It is a dark red brick of two stories and a mansard roof, finished out with a tower and many corners. It has roomy porches at the front and side, giving shady seats and beautiful views at all hours of the day. The windows of the house, built on the French order, open like doors on to these porches, and their ceilings are of polished wood. The trimmings of the house are made of a remarkable stone, a quantity of which occupies Mrs. Sherman's farm east of the city. That used by the senator comes from a quarry on an adjacent estate. It is a reddish sandstone, mottled and grained with many different colored veins. At some places it looks like a section of knotted, gnarled wood and at others like the veins of a half-rotten stump carefully polished. The veins are of different widths, and they wind and twist themselves around into all conceivable shapes. Now a number of them will run in parallel curves, now they twist themselves into as many rings as the snakes of the Laocoon, and now they stand out in all directions like the hair of the Medusa. Well trimmed and polished and cut into beautiful shapes their color matches well with the dark red of the house, and in front, where they show out prominently above the door and hold up the great porch, they form a finish more rich and beautiful than any stone that can be procured anywhere else.

The interior of the house, however, will be its chief feature. It has many rooms, and they are large, airy and high-ceilinged. The halls are so wide that a wagon-load of hay could be driven through them. They run through the center of the house and are arranged with a sort of lat back, so that every room on each floor opens into its respective hall. The carpenters were busy at work here several days ago when I passed through the house in company with Senator Sherman. We went together throughout the three stories, carefully stepping up the partially made stairs, stooping low as we moved around the scaffolding, and going through a series of large windowed rooms, giving a series of views which extended far and wide over the rich farms and wooded hills of Richland county. The house itself is situated on some of the highest ground in the state of Ohio. It has a large lawn filled with shrubbery, a fine orchard and fields surrounding it, making up an estate of about fourteen acres. It fronts on Market street, the finest in Mansfield, and is well to the west of the city. Several of these windows overlook the city, and there are none of them but that give beautiful country views as well.

These large halls and easy staircases are finished in a beautiful red cherry, highly polished, and in places elegantly carved. Each of the rooms is finished in a different kind of choice wood, and each of them contains a fireplace and mantel trimmed in the same material. The dining-room, for instance, is of a rich oak, with its sideboard to match. The kitchen is finished in fine yellow pine of a beautiful grain and highly polished. The sitting-room, I think, is mottled or bird's-eye poplar, and the library in some other rich wood. The shelves in the library are built close up against the walls, and their chief ornamentation is the book resting upon them. Before this time, Senator Sherman has had his library in the third floor, putting it in the northeast corner of the room adjoining Mrs. Sherman's sitting-room, which lies between it and the parlor. It is a large room, well-lighted and airy, with several windows looking out upon the lawn.

Every room in the house has an electric bell, and all the chambers are furnished with modern conveniences. It will be a splendid place for entertaining and it will continue for many years as one of the historic mansions of the country. It is a remarkably comfortable house, and is rich without being extravagant or gaudy. That which constitutes the soul of the house is still to be added. As yet no curtains have been put up, and the glitter and polish of furniture and brass work are absent. The pictures will be on the walls, the fine rugs will partially hide the well-jointed floors, and bright chandeliers will throw their rays over the thousand and one things which, so much more than woodwork and masonry, go to tell the character of the interior of a home or the taste of its inmates. As it is, it compares well with the other homes of great statesmen. Clay, Webster and Calhoun had but ordinary homes, and Buchanan's Westland, near Lancaster, though located much the same as Senator Sherman's home, possessed no elegance worthy of remark.

## A Great Head.

[Merchant Traveler.]

An haughty and visionary fellow was talking to his friend about money-making in the southwest. "I tell you what it is," said he, "the poorest kind of a man can buy land in Texas." "Can he?" was the indifferent reply. "Yes, he can, and I just saw today where there are 1,000,000 acres at only \$1 an acre. Think of it, only \$1 an acre, and a whole million of them!" "A million acres at \$1 an acre is \$1,000,000, ain't it?" "Yes," "Well, where's the poor man going to get the money?" "What?" "Where's the poor man going to get the money?" "Why—why—I never thought of that!" Then he borrowed a quarter and invited the lender in to drink.

## The Thermometer.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

The origin of the thermometer is unknown. As to the instrument as it now exists, Robert Hooke suggested the use of the freezing point, Halley the boiling point, and the substitution of mercury for spirit, and Newton blood heat. Fahrenheit, although a German by birth, was a protégé of James I. and died in England. Reaumur's thermometer in its final form owes its origin to DeLac, and although the centigrade thermometer is almost universally attributed to Celsius, it was really invented by Linnaeus.

## Tons of Treasure.

[Chicago Herald.]

The stack of silver in the treasury was increased to such an extent that the officials of that department have been compelled to seek fresh storage for it. Six thousand tons of silver coinage and bullion are piled away there, and this enormous and cumbersome hoard is being steadily augmented at the rate of 800 tons a year.

## Andre's Portrait.

[Exchange.]

Major Andre, the spy, drew a portrait of himself in the morning of the day on which he was hanged. He stood before a looking-glass and sketched the likeness. It is preserved in the capitol at Albany.

Children employed in the lace-making schools at Belgium work twelve hours a day and earn 6 cents.

## THE HIRED "COLORED LADY."

And Her Disposition to Talk of Family Affairs.

[Arkansas Traveler.]

One of the most annoying faults of the hired "colored lady" is her persistent disposition to talk about the affairs of her own family. Sometimes, despite every attempt at discouragement, she will begin a story, of which her brother is the hero, and keep it up until patience is gray-haired with age. Marinda Napoleon applied to Col. Wetherall for a position of trust in his family. She began to tell him of her honesty.

"That makes no difference," said the colonel. "I don't care whether you are honest or not, and you may be reasonably negligent in the discharge of your duties, but there is one thing that I wish to impress upon your mind."

"What's dat, colonel? case I ken do anything?"

"I do not wish you to take me into your confidence, and tell me about your family. I do not want to hear a word about your mother and father."

"I understands, sah."

"I will pay you extra to keep your mouth shut. Speak when you are spoken to, and then merely answer direct questions."

"W'y, sah, de place dat I've been lookin' fur all dese years. I 'spizes folks dat is alls wantin' er pusson ter 'tain dem wid conversation, 'case er body gets tired. Now, dar, my sister Jane, she's de udder way an'—"

"But you are not to speak of your family."

"Dat's de pint, sah; dat's de pint. I worked las' year fur Mr. Limson, an' de folks kep' me er talkin' all de time an' udder de tell me not ter pay no tention ter folks—"

"Never mind all that. I don't care to hear anything of your mother. I don't want you to mention your family while you are in this house."

"Cose yer doesn't, sah, an' I doesn't blame yer ter tell. De las' word my bruder Henry and ter me 'fore I let dis mawin' wuz ter gin me 'vice how ter please de white folks. Henry he's er faberite all down 'bout our neighborhood. Worked fur ole man Dismales three years, an' wouldn't er quit 'cep de ole man died an' udder pusson tuck de place."

"Henry de fines 'an' wid horses yer clear seed. Dat claybank boss er Mr. Anderson's, what wouldn't let nobody go in de stable—"

"Say, Marinda, you—"

"It's jes' like I tell yer. Dar wa'n't a blessed soul in de place dat could do nuthin' rid dat horse, an' Henry—"

"Listen to me, I tell you!"

"Yes, sah. What wuz yer 'bout to observe?"

"I told you that I wanted to hear nothing about your family. I see, though, that you ain't like all de other. Go on—"

"Yes, but Henry he tuck a 'blin' bridle—"

"Stop."

"Didn't yer tell me ter go on?"

"Yes, I tell yer to go on away from here. I don't want yer."

"What yer 'gree ter hire me fur, den. Ain't my 'society pleasin' ter yer?"

"You can't keep your mouth shut and I don't want you. Leave here."

"W'y, yer's de deisest white pusson I neber seed. Don't kere ter stay heah, kase yer's sorter common folks, nohow."

## Collect on Delivery.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A man who had not been long in the country was employed as a domestic in a family, and upon one occasion he was sent to the express office to obtain a package. He was about to leave with it when the clerk called his attention to the three letters C. O. D.

Pat had no idea what the letters meant, but he cleverly guessed at them.

"It's all right," he said; "the ovid man's good for the money."

"But you know what these letters say, Pat?"

"Indade, I do. Call on Dad. It's as plain as the nose on your face."

There is almost a pathetic truth in the understanding conveyed in this old story. Many a man is hounded to death by the unreasonable calls made upon him by members of his family who are educated up to this very end by himself, at first in that fond, slavish spirit of indulgence which the American father displays toward his offspring, as if it were some kind of an unthinking mechanical pet, and afterwards on the unfailing principle that they who sow the wind will reap the whirlwind.

Call on dad.

Business is dull, notes must be met, but appearances must be kept up. Mrs. Shoddy is going to the sea-shore. "Our girls" must go, the money is to come out of "Dad."

At first he refuses firmly, but as one reason after another is brought to bear on him, like a battering-ram of persuasion, he gives way. Now bonnets and dresses are bought, a railway journey's expenses defrayed, and that is only the beginning. Incidental expenses are always the straw that break the patient camel's back. They accumulate in "pays, stacks, and at last rise to the dignity of a monument, under which lies a pale, peaceful man, no longer pursued by the legend: "Call on Dad."

**Bartley Campbell's Tenement House.**  
[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Tenement house property in New York returns fabulous interest upon investment. It is now the form of speculation to which most men run. I know several young men in town who have placed all their money in this way. A man can get a bigger income from \$25,000 or \$30,000 by investing it in tenement houses than any other way just now. Bartley Campbell, the playwright, has just placed a lot of his money in this way. He proposes to make it pay him in more ways than one.

On his first visit to a tenement house that he has just purchased on the east side, the genial dramatist was shocked at the condition in which the people lived. He went from one cramped and unhealthy room to another and looked at the inmates with positive surprise. He had heard and read a good deal about the tenement houses in New York, but he had never before had any practical experience, and he saw at a glance how little he really knew of the misery in which thousands of New Yorkers dwell. Then Campbell discovered the house himself. There is no mistaking what the result of all this will be. One can easily foresee in the near future a play depicting the horrors of tenement house life in New York from the pen of Mr. Bartley Campbell. It may prove a fitting companion piece to "Lights o' London" and the other great English melodramas.

## Then to Siberia.

[Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette.]

Shall the perusal of 200 columns of campaign lies about our favorite candidate induce us to alter that vote? Nay, not so. Or will reading 300 columns in his praise make the ink on that vote more indelible? Not a shade. Then to Siberia with your political literature.

## Sponging Their Drinks.

[In a mill in Connecticut alcohol is used to wipe off certain portions of the machinery. Some of the employees get stupidly drunk by sucking the sponges.]

The Yuma Indians on the Colorado river bury watermelons in the dry sand and preserve them all winter.

## CYNIC AND MOCKER.

Some of the Peculiarities of "Uncle"

Rufus Hatch.

Author of the Slang of Wall Street—

His Newspaper Ventures and the Outcome Thereof—

Gone "Lame."

[W. F. G. Shanks' Letter.]

You never know when to regard Rufus Hatch as serious, for whether prosperous or in poverty he is a cynic and a mocker. It matters not whom he is mocking. As a rule he is most often the victim of his own rather effective epigrammatic satire, but he delights in satirizing everybody and everything. He is regarded as a sort of Ishmaelite by the big speculators and capitalists of Wall Street, for his hand at some period or another has been against them, and I may add that theirs, gathered in a bunch resembling fists, are usually clenched against him. By the smaller fry of fish in the deep waters of "the street," especially by the newspaper men, Hatch is held—or was until he failed—in high esteem as one who, if he was not giving them good "points" to operate on could be depended upon for novel ideas about the financial situation.

Hatch may be said to be the author of much of the most expressive slang on the street. "Financial malaria," for instance, which he has just invented, very capably expresses the shaky and uncertain condition of the speculative markets at the present moment. He gave to the innocents, who are the chief prey of the "bulls" and "bears," the expressive name of "lamb." For a time after he first used it (in a printed interview with himself which he wrote, and which he says he paid for at the usual rate of \$2 per line for reading matter) the newspapers teemed with editorials on the subject similarly headed, and Hatch subsequently fell so in love with the title that he started a comic paper by the name of The Lamb.

But he was always starting papers which did not survive. He spent \$30,000 in trying to establish The American Exchange, and abandoned it when the editor threw out his comic interviews with himself in order to publish tables of figures showing the material prosperity of the country, when Hatch really desired to prove that it was going to the "demillion bow-wow." He subsequently started a weekly called The Hour, which is still running, he tells me, but I seldom see it. Hatch gave to the Northern Pacific the name of Nor-West, which clung to it for life, and the burlesque circular in which he used the name was reprinted in Germany, France and England, and undoubtedly did the road great injury abroad.

Hatch's penchant for printer's ink is largely at the bottom of his present financial troubles. He was telling me yesterday about his Yellowstone trip. It will be remembered that he organized a free lunch expedition of European and American dead-head journalists to visit the Yellowstone park. There was a party of twenty-five of them, and they went out at about the same time that Henry Villard carried his imported dead-beats over the Northern Pacific. Both the Yellowstone and Northern Pacific schemes were failures before the journalists could get home and publish their praises of them.

"I had railroad passes for every mother's son of my company," said Hatch, recalling the matter recently; "yet that picnic cost me \$35,000 in cash. I didn't ask the boys to spend a penny, and you can gamble that none of 'em pressed me to allow them to. Besides, while I was gone, I got on the wrong side of the market, and went hopelessly lame before I got back. I lost \$450,000 on that trip."

He got up a similar excursion years ago, while managing director of the Pacific Mail, and had the boys at sea for a fortnight or more. It cost him or his company, a big sum, and by the time the vessel returned congress was investigating the charges of bribery and corruption, and the stock had gone to almost nothing. Hatch says that on that trip he threw up every thing of value he had, including the managing directorship of the company.

It is nothing uncommon for Hatch to be "hopelessly lame," as he describes his present condition. He has "gone broke" half a dozen times within my knowledge, but manages to live well all the while, and to recover in some mysterious way. He has spent a great deal of money in sustaining church choirs and in giving private musical entertainments. He has at this time one of the finest of musical libraries in the world.

## A Real Bookworm.

[Chicago Times.]

In England a creature having the identical habits of the familiar "book-worm," but greatly differing from its close, has made its appearance in the numerous libraries. It is a small white worm, having a creased and crumpled skin, and is vastly more active than its appearance would indicate when it is exposed for inspection on a sheet of paper. Like other insects, it is hatched from an egg that is generally laid between the covers of a book and one of the fly-leaves.

In its infantile days it is very small, but it has a strong snout, with which it is able to pierce the leaves of a book. At first it punctures a hole scarcely larger than that made by a pin, but as it goes on increasing in size it forms a funnel-shaped cavity. If the volume has about the requisite number of pages of the ordinary thickness, it will get through it during the working days of its life, and will assume the form of a chrysalis between the last leaf and the cover. If the book is very thick, however, it will not manage "to get through it." It will become tired and take a nap, after the manner of insects, from which slumber it never wakes. A post-mortem child, however, commences to finish the book from the place where the former left off. It is not usual in human families for different members to take turns in going through a book in this manner.

## The Grief of Being Allied to Greatness

[Cincinnati Saturday Night.]

An aged niece of Zachary Taylor is in a Michigan poor-house. [Exchange.] Such notices are frequent in the papers, and show the risks which one runs in being related to some noted man. Poverty is liable to overtake them sooner or later. Then, when want obliges them to seek asylum in the poor-house, instead of being permitted to shelter themselves in a desirable obscurity, they are pointed out as being related to this or that distinguished individual, and then they are paragonized in the papers. What might once have been a source of pride to them becomes an instrument of mortification.

## How He Knew.

[Exchange.]

It is said that the feet are much larger in summer than in winter. This may be so, but we suspect that the savant who made the discovery bases his theory upon the fact that he measured the footprint of his innamorata in the snow when she had on her French-heeled boots last winter, and in the summer took his data from the imprint of her naked feet on the seashore.

## THEATRICAL COUNTERSSES.

The Modern Method of Advertising Foreign Dramatic Stars.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Harry Sargent's countersses have furnished more amusement to people interested in theatrical affairs than all the comedians on the American stage. Mr. Sargent's method of advertising his stars heretofore has been to claim for them the highest rights to ancient and noble titles. He worked this scheme with Modjeska, who was usually called a countess, and whose husband, a man named Bozenta, was about as much of a count as is Billy McGlory. Mr. Sargent is a blithe and mercurial gentleman, who has all sorts of extravagant ideas about dramatic affairs, and who has made a number of startling successes with stars. His method is to take some woman who has a good knowledge of the rudiments of acting, and who has a strong foreign accent, publish all sorts of romantic stories about her, and then take her out on the road. Not only are the inhabitants of suburban places pleased by the romantic anecdotes Mr. Sargent serves up to them, but even the people in the big cities catch the infection.

Modjeska, Rhea and Janisch are admirable examples of Mr. Sargent's shrewdness. The last named lady will be the object of the manager's efforts next season, and the press is already alive with stories concerning her early life. As is usual with the ladies Mr. Sargent manages, Janisch was born in a very excited station. As a young and impressive girl she married the Count d'Aro, a great Bavarian noble. Janisch who, according to Mr. Sargent, is still about 19 years of age, is so instinct with genius and throbs so powerfully with emotion that she has consented to go upon the stage and give her talents a chance. She will play during the month of September at the Park theatre. In order to open the campaign Janisch has recently written Mr. Sargent a letter—probably it would be more proper to say letters, as they seem to be numberless—in which she requests the astute manager not to use her title on the play bills. Madame Janisch says that her name and station in Bavaria are her husband's family at home are of so exalted a nature that internal dissensions with presumably state interference would result if she were to use the name of "Countess d'Aro" on the play bills. Mr. Sargent testifies his appreciation of the noble sentiments of Madame Janisch with tears in his eyes.

A few cold facts in relation to this star of his fascinating Mr. Sargent's may not be amiss. One reason why she doesn't use the title of countess is because she has no earthly right to it, as her husband is not a count, she is not of noble family, and she has been divorced for eleven years. A dramatic paper in New York which has the reputation of being thoroughly reliable insists that Madame Janisch has been on the stage for twenty-two years, and when she acted a few years ago at the Thalia theatre in Germany she was not considered of any particular importance. All this is neither here nor there, as far as the public is concerned. Within six months the gural press will be rhapsodizing over the beauty and genius of the aristocratic young Bavarian countess, and the most romantic sort of gush will find its echo in the great cities of America. Mr. Sargent will sit back in the managerial chair, clip off his coupons, read the press notices and keep a weather eye to the windward for another Bavarian countess when this particular countess outlives her popularity.

## The Dog and Village Cart.

[Pioneer in San Francisco Argonaut.]

It is observed that dog and village carts are going out of fashion. It is certainly time, for a more uncomfortable vehicle than the village cart and a more cumbersome structure than the ordinary dog cart it would be difficult to conceive. As originally used in England, the dog cart was admirably devised. It was a vehicle which men used in driving long distances in the country or over rough roads. Until recently it was seldom seen in London. It had one pair of enormous wheels and a basket body. There was a place behind for guns, rods, hammers and traveling-bags, and with a good, stout horse, long trips could be made over heavy and uneven roads with an ease that could not be approached by a smaller four-wheeled vehicle. If the country was hilly they hitched another horse before the wheel in England, and thus started tandem driving. Tandem driving has quite died out in New York, and the dog cart will eventually follow it. It is not a vehicle for city use. The mail phaeton and T-cart have taken its place. The village cart should have remained what its name indicated—a cheap little gig of natural wood for the children to drive the pony in or to use for occasional drives to the station. It should never have appeared in town at all, though New York was dotted with them last season. The spectacle of even a man in a village cart invariably inspires contempt, and as the motion of the vehicle is jerky and unpleasant it almost breaks one's neck to drive any distance. It is said that Newport is responsible for the abolition of the village cart and the intention of gradually extinguishing the dog cart.

## A Characteristic Plan.

[Cor. Pioneer Press.]

A St. Louis newspaper reporter recounted to me a characteristic piece of work by J. B. McCullagh, of The Globe-Democrat. Upon the occasion of the meeting of the Missouri state Democratic convention he undertook to have the delegates interviewed. There were about 800 of them, and the time allotted for the task was a single afternoon. So McCullagh assigned to the task about thirty reporters, pinned to the lapel of the coat a white ribbon inscribed "Globe-Democrat Interview Corps." A soft answer turneth away wrath. "Beside this, each reporter was equipped with a package of little yellow tickets, on which was inscribed, "Keep this in sight, and you will not be pumped again." The reporters did their work, slid the card into the victim's hat-band, and went on their way to the next one. The result was two pages of terse interviews and nearly 800 Missouri politicians with yellow cards in their hats.

## Marvelous Growth.

The Hailey (Idaho) Times, a little four-page newspaper which sells for 12½ cents a copy, has a really remarkable story of "marvelous growth." There were only wild Indians in the place in 1878, and the beginning by whites was in 1880, but now the town has a \$1,000 soda fountain, a district attorney there has just suppressed a "great hog-pen nuisance," and this year's output from the mines is estimated at \$5,000,000.

## The Crushing Cadet.

[Rockland Courier.]

We have tramped through the marvelous Mammoth cave, viewed the Chicago water-works, listened to the thunder of Niagara and been awe-struck by the gigantic proportions of the Brooklyn bridge, but really we do not think any of these can be compared in importance and grandeur to a West Point cadet at home on a brief vacation. That is, not if he has his uniform on.

New York sections are making a good thing out of charging an admission fee to witness weddings.

"American fresh milk" is sold in London.

## NOW IS THE TIME TO CURE SKIN HUMORS.

IT is at this season when the pores open freely and the perspiration is abundant that disgusting Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Salt Rheum or Eczema, Psoriasis, Tetter, Ringworm, Baby Humors, Scrofula, Scrofulous Sores, Abscesses, and Discharging Wounds, and every species of Itching Scaly and Pimply Diseases of the Skin and Scalp are most speedily and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

**IT IS A FACT.**  
Hundreds of letters in our possession (copies of which may be had by return mail) are our authority for the assertion that Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, whether Scrofulous, Inherited, or Contagious, may now be permanently cured by CUTICURA RESOLVENT the new Blood Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great Skin Cures and Beautifiers externally, in one half the time and at one half the expense of any other season.

## GREATEST ON EARTH.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case Salt Rheum in this country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast and back were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, externally.

J. W. ADAMS, Newark, O.

## GREAT BLOOD MEDICINES.

The half has not been told as to the great curative powers of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have paid hundreds of dollars for medicines to cure diseases of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIES. CHAS. A. WILLIAMS, Providence, R. I.

## CURE IN EVERY CASE.

Your CUTICURA REMEDIES outsell all other medicines I keep for skin diseases. My customers and patients say that they have effected a cure in every instance, where other remedies have failed. H. W. BROCKWAY, M. D., Franklin Falls, N. H.

Sold by all druggists. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.; SOAP, 25c. PORTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

**BEAUTY** For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin, Blackheads, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and Itching Humors, use CUTICURA SOAP, a real Beautifier.



Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

The reputation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a preventive of head and stomach aches, an invigorant, a general restorative, and a specific for indigestion, biliousness, nervous debility, constitutional weakness, is established by the sound basis of more than twenty years' experience, and can no more be shaken by the claptrap nostrums of unscientific pretenders, than the everlasting hills by the winds that sweep through their defiles. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

## DR. BROADBENT,

The Old Physician and Electrologist, who lectured in Bismarck, D. T., so recently on Physiology, etc., should be consulted by every invalid in this city. He remains from one to two months at the Sheridan House, room 12. After treatment, his forty years' experience enables him to treat all Chronic, Delicate and Acute Diseases in either sex with marvelous success. Hundreds of Dakota references given.

Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration, Loss of Vigor, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Female Diseases are Speedily Cured by Him.

He Detects Diseases at First Sight.

VARICOCELE. Painless cure. Book free. Civilian Agency, 169 Fulton St., N. Y.

W. H. DAVIS, Civilian, Receiver.

O. F. DAVIS, Atty for Claimant.

11-16

First Publication Aug. 15, 1884.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

I AND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the land office at Bismarck, on September 26, 1884, at 11 a. m. viz:

Stephen P. Taber, homestead application No. 733, for the sw ¼, sec. 30, tp. 18, r. 77 w. 5p. n. 1. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: D. T. Fred Merry, of Painted Woods, D. T.; Joseph Millinger, of Washburn, D. T.; John Yegen, Bismarck, D. T.

JOHN A. REA, Register.

11-16

First Publication Aug. 15, 1884.

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